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Neither Committed Nor Uncommitted

THERE is a real danger that the explosion of the bomb, which the Prime Minister dropped with such crafty precision between the Labour front bench and its supporters, will obscure the real importance of last Tuesday's debate. When the smoke clears off it will be seen that the persistent inquisition into the purposes and the conclusions of the Churchill-Truman talks has achieved some very useful results. Mr. Churchill has been compelled to disown in the strongest terms Mr. Dulles's plan for re-equipping Chiang Kai-shek's forces and reopening the Chinese civil war; and he has now denied that Britain is in any way committed to spread the war to the mainland of Asia in the event of Chinese "aggression" either in Korea or Indo-China. For the large number of thoughtful people who regard peace with China as more important than the most brilliantly executed manœuvre of party warfare, these disclaimers will remain the memorable aspect of last Tuesday's Parliamentary clash. The Premier obtained a Scottish verdict of "not proven" by arguing that in every particular his Korean policy faithfully followed the lines laid down by Mr. Attlee: to support the United Nations action against aggression; to limit that action as far as is humanly possible to the Korean Peninsula; and to end it rapidly by a truce and a negotiated peace settlement. If Mr. Churchill committed himself to nothing in Washington, he certainly assumed a new formal commitment in the House of Commons. He is now solemnly pledged to collective action with the Labour Party against General MacArthur, Mr. Dulles and the China Lobby in Congress. So far, so good.

Yet the revelation that the Labour Government last May agreed under certain circumstances to permit bombing beyond the Yalu has undoubtedly caused consternation among its own supporters and stimulated suspicion of the whole of its China policy. These suspicions are natural but exaggerated. We should be the last to defend every action of the Attlee Cabinet, especially during the last uneasy five months of its existence. It was an unhappy period when far too many Socialist principles were jettisoned in a misguided determination to preserve the ark of the covenant of rearmament against dissenting attacks. Yet it would be a grave mistake to assume, on the basis of Mr. Churchill's "partisan" summary of confidential and unpublished documents, that any irrevocable surrender to MacArthurism was in fact made. A contingent military decision to bomb aerodromes across the Yalu if the Chinese began to use them for air attack on U.N. ground forces is different in kind from the loudly publicised commitment to "effective response" which Mr. Churchill gave in his Congress speech. The fact remains that, ever since the Korean war began, the Labour Government has exercised a most useful restraining influence on American policy and propped up a weak Administration in Washington in its resistance to MacArthurite pressures. And the Labour Opposition has succeeded in imposing on Mr. Churchill the restraining role which, in power, it had played.

What of the future? Here anxiety is fully justified. As Aneurin Bevan showed in his first big speech on foreign policy since the war, the real issue is whether the Western world is willing to give up the futile concept of military containment, to accept the fact of the Asian revolution, and to come to terms with it. If this is to be achieved, Britain must do all she can to hasten the end of the Korean war, and must raise the fundamental issues of Formosa, Chinese recognition and the admission of the Peking Government to the United Nations. Mr. Eden may well understand the necessity for such a policy. On the evidence of his speech last Wednesday Mr. Churchill certainly does not. He wants to avoid the spreading of the war in the Pacific, not because he realises the futility of ideological crusades, but because he wants first priority to be given to the crusade in Europe. He opposes Mr. Dulles, not on principle, but because he considers that the Republicans are trying to contain the wrong ideological enemy. We may hope that the Prime Minister will fulfil his implicit pledge to restrain U.S. strategy in the Pacific; but it will be Utopian to conceive that he will pursue any positive peace policy. The responsibility for sustaining that cause remains with the Labour Opposition.

Negotiations in Cairo

The announcement that negotiations between Britain and Egypt are to be resumed this week-end in Cairo marks a successful first stage in the British attempt at forceful suppression of Egyptian nationalism and the Pashas' efforts to come to terms with a British administration whose influence will be used to secure their privileges. In spite of this rather disreputable community of interest between the negotiating parties, it is too soon to assume that agreement will easily be reached. For both Mr. Eden and Aly Maher Pasha are far committed in public on the very points which must be the subject of negotiation. The Egyptian Premier has announced that he will not "negotiate over the principle of evacuation, but on the means of implementing it and achieving the unity of the Nile Valley." Mr. Eden has affirmed British rights under the 1936 Treaty and regards the negotiations as an attempt to contrive a replacement for it acceptable to both sides. At the same time he has pledged himself to make no surrender of the Sudanese right to early self-government. It appears that agreement can be reached only if Mr. Eden is prepared to concede either the British occupation of the Canal or the sovereignty of the Sudan. The expressed views of most of the Sudanese and all its British administrators, no less than the Foreign Secretary's assurance to Parliament, rule out much concession on the latter. So far Mr. Eden has shown no signs of willingness to indicate any change of British policy in the Canal Zone which would begin to satisfy legitimate nationalist demands. Meanwhile Aly Maher is living on borrowed time: he must do better than his predecessor and do it quickly, or the January troubles will begin all over again.

Mr. Hardie's Resignation

Mr. Steven Hardie's letter of resignation from the chairmanship of the Iron and Steel Corporation hints at the long struggle which has gone on within the Corporation itself and, latterly, between the Chairman and the Minister. Mr. Hardie had never left any doubt of his intention to carry out the purpose of the nationalising Act by using, if necessary ruthlessly, the powers bestowed on him. This brought him into head-on collision with the British Iron and Steel Federation, which, prior to nationalisation, had dominated the industry. Not all Mr. Hardie's colleagues agreed with his aggressive tactics, some from the first preferring to compromise with the Federation in the expectation of a change of government. With a Labour Minister of Supply the balance was tilted on Mr. Hardie's side. But, since the election, the conflict between Chairman and Minister has increasingly isolated Mr. Hardie, and perhaps one or two others, from their more pliable colleagues. No doubt Mr. Sandys views with composure the departure of a man who would probably have been the principal stumbling block to his plans for denationalising the industry. The particular issues which prompted the resignation are of secondary importance in this context. Whether Mr. Hardie is correctly advised in claiming that the payment of increased levies to meet losses on Government imports is *ultra vires*, remains for the present a matter of legal argument. His proposal to compel the publicly owned companies to absorb increased production costs and thus enable the industry to "make a positive contribution to solving national economic difficulties" deserves support, provided it is linked with a stringent rationing scheme. Mr. Sandys prefers to damp down excessive demand for steel by allowing the price to rise, a course, in our view, more fundamentally inflationary.

Europe's Coal Gap

The probability that rearmament in Western Europe will place a grave strain on fuel supplies is emphasised strongly in a report entitled *The European Coal Problem* issued this week by the Economic Commission for Europe. Like the statement of evidence which has also just been submitted by the F.B.I. to the Ridley Committee on Fuel Policy, the report holds a gloomy view of the future. Taking into consideration the likelihood that the industrialisation of Eastern Europe will make increasing demands on Polish coal production, it estimates that, in 1956, Western Europe's demand for coal will be 590 million tons if present plans for rearmament and the maintenance of civilian production are realised. This prospective requirement represents an increase of 80 million tons over the supplies available last year. On the most favourable assumptions, the gap between demand and supplies available from Europe seems likely to be 30 million tons a year in four years' time—a situation which would appear to involve ruinously expensive imports from the U.S.

So far as the British coal industry is concerned the report is distinctly critical. The authors suggest that the relative failure of efforts to recruit additional manpower is "symptomatic of a lack of confidence of the men in their leaders, both managers and trade union officials," and that more may have to be done to increase the financial incentives for work in the pits, even at the risk of making it easier for miners to secure more leisure by absenteeism. The most weighty charge, however, against the National Coal Board is that, at least up to 1950, it took an unduly conservative view of the future potential demand for British coal, and that investment programmes have been held back, "not by financial limitations, but by a lack of men capable of conceiving and carrying out reorganisation of pits and coal fields." The report admits that the Board's schemes of education and promotion should contribute in the long run to a solution of this problem, and it is questionable whether enough weight is given to the present retrenchment in capital expenditure which the Treasury is now enforcing; but it is difficult to deny the general charge that the N.C.B., in its long-term planning, has carried caution too far.

For the Sake of a Nail . . .

To save a thirteen-hundredth part of the increase in the Defence Budget, the Government have sacrificed the Crown Film Unit. It was a peculiarly British creation, dating back to 1929, when Stephen Tallents and John Grierson established the Empire Marketing Board Film Unit. It was taken over by that shrewd Tory, Sir Kingsley Wood, when, as Postmaster-General, he turned it into the G.P.O. Film Unit. In the 1930's it was the nursery of the documentary film movement and, in addition to its bread-and-butter functions of "putting across" the Post Office, it produced experimental films which were the admiration and envy of the world's film-makers and which reflected a new social-consciousness. Soon after the outbreak of war, it was taken over by the Ministry of Information and raised to the status of "The Crown" Film Unit responsible for such memorable films as *Target for To-night, Britain Can Take It, Western Approaches* and *Coastal Command*. And since the war it has made such remarkable films as *Children on Trial* and *Daybreak in Udi*. Apart from giving a real character to British films, it begot the National Films Boards of Canada, Australia and New Zealand. With it will go the non-theatrical distribution system laboriously built up by the Ministry and continued by the Central Office of Information, which with mobile projectors reached audiences all over the country for whom the normal "box-office" channels were no use. Now this national asset is to be destroyed to save £250,000.

Mr. Attlee, who rightly protested against this decision the other night, might also have protested against the niggling economies which are wrecking the Overseas Services of the B.B.C. The present Foreign Secretary, who complained when Mr. Morrison proposed a similar economy, ought to ask himself and his colleagues what they think they are doing to the one international spokesman of a British attitude in a world dominated by the Russian and American voices. The financial standstill in face of rising costs means a 35 hours a week reduction in European services and the cutting down of the Latin American programmes.

Dollars and Indonesia

The Indonesian Government's resignation last week is the culmination of a series of events, all of them based on a suspicion that assistance from the United States to South-East Asia is designed to force the strategically and economically vital countries into participation in American military defence plans. "Acceptance of this aid," the Masjumi (Muslim Party) paper stated, "would oblige Indonesia finally to abandon her present independent policy," whilst the Socialist Party's paper said that "the Mutual Security Act was not a nominal alteration of E.C.A. but rather a reflection of a changing American military and political outlook on present-day developments." It was a belief that the Foreign Minister had accepted M.S.A. that sealed his own fate and then that of Dr. Sukiman's ten-months-old Cabinet. The Government was also under fire for its acceptance of the Japanese Peace Treaty, also regarded as part of American war preparations; and Parliament would not have sanctioned it. Discussions for a new Cabinet point to another coalition of the P.N.I. (Socialist Party) and the Masjumi (the largest), with some combination of many smaller parties with one aim in common—an independent foreign policy. Cabinets thus formed have a limited stability and a minimum activity. Meanwhile the Sukiman Cabinet carries on; its first step was the withdrawal from The Hague of a delegation which had just put

forward a very reasonable proposal for a joint Indonesian-Dutch administration of West Irian pending final settlement of sovereignty.

PARIS

Lisbon and Hanoi

Our Paris correspondent writes: When you watch people in the Metro reading their newspapers, you find that nine out of ten are absorbed in the uproarious comedy of the Marie Besnard trial at Poitiers, which has become a sort of Grand Guignol of Clochemerle. Whether the pious-looking widow did poison eleven of her friends and relatives or not has become almost irrelevant. But after Marie Besnard there still *is* Lisbon and its aftermath; the rearmament of Germany; startling news from Indo-China; and the financial crisis which assumed almost melodramatic proportions last Friday when the 20-franc gold *napoléon* had shot well past the 5,000-franc mark, thus foreshadowing either a period of runaway inflation or a 20 per cent. devaluation of the franc.

Comment on Lisbon is still rather vague and confused; the only positive result seems to be that—on paper, at least—the evil hour of German rearmament has been postponed for a year, since M. Schuman got the other Ministers to agree that there would be no "recruiting" of German troops until the treaty on the European Army had been ratified. But, on the other hand, Germany is to become a *de facto* member of N.A.T.O.; Britain's response to the pressing French appeal that she take a direct part in the European Army was completely negative; and no Anglo-American guarantee against the Germans some day slipping out of their "integration" and forming an independent army of their own was obtained, despite the French Government's earlier assurances to Parliament that there would be "no difficulty about it." Ratification, in the circumstances, is sure to raise new difficulties. A point which has given rise to much hopeful comment here is, however, the reported eagerness of some Labour M.P.s for Britain to take part in the European Army; but it is immediately added that, even if the Conservatives are won over, it must not be a token participation, but something that would really prevent Germany from assuming a leading part in this Army. The French Socialists, at any rate, will accept the European Army if Britain is adequately represented in it.

Some fairly important American orders to French industry appear to have been agreed on at Lisbon, and they will improve France's balance of payments; but there is not much evidence of the U.S. having in any way helped to reduce the French budget deficit. On the contrary, it is thought here that, although France's contribution to the European Army had been reduced from 14 to 12 divisions this year, rising costs and the almost inevitable increase in the term of conscription from 1½ to 2 years will oblige the Faure Government to increase its expenditure—and, as far as possible, its revenue—well beyond the figure which the Financial and other Committees of the Assembly have already rejected! So some exceedingly difficult financial negotiations amongst members of the present Government majority are to be expected; and, of course, a Cabinet crisis is not ruled out.

The withdrawal of 42,000 French troops from Hoa-Binh in the mountains some 80 miles west of Hanoi to the Tonkin delta land (which now brings the front within 40 miles of the capital) is not a military defeat but a political move of probably far-reaching importance. The withdrawal from Hoa-Binh means the end of the de Lattre experiment and of the attempt to whip up enthusiasm for the Indo-China war both in France and abroad. As the recent debate on Indo-China showed, there is wide-spread agreement in France that, barring large-scale American intervention in Indo-China, France just cannot go on with it—either financially or militarily. As M. Faure recently remarked, "in Indo-China, as in other fields, we shall go as far as breaking-point, but not beyond." In Vietnam this "breaking-point" has now been reached; the Delta will be held for the time being, but meantime every effort will be made by the French Government to include Vietnam in a "general Far-Eastern settlement." Failing that, it may negotiate with Viet-Minh, and save what can be saved with the minimum loss of face.

WESTMINSTER

The End of the Affair

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: Mr. Churchill, who no longer possesses the swift dexterity of verbal thrust he once enjoyed, is still a master of Parliamentary tactics. His strategy at present is to divide the official leadership of the Labour Party from its rank and file; and in the resumed debate on his visit to Washington he achieved his object in a scene of fantastic drama. First, he criticised the late Government for its secrecy over the development of the British atom bomb. This was scarcely relevant to his defence against the specific charges levelled against him; but it established the mood. Had Mr. Attlee been frank with the country, Conservatives would not have opposed him. The implication was that Socialists would. Not a very substantial point. But the Labour front bench looked uncomfortable and so did the back benchers, perhaps for different reasons.

Then Mr. Churchill moved on to answer the motion of censure. Nothing very formidable at first; indeed, in spite of his occasionally bantering tone, he seemed unexpectedly on the defensive. He had the air of a man who knew he had done wrong; only not very much wrong and anyway he wasn't going to be told about it by Mr. Morrison. Then came the . . . for once bombshell is perhaps the *mot juste*. If so, it was a very carefully placed bomb, whose crater opened precisely between Mr. Morrison and his followers. "In May of last year . . . the late Foreign Secretary replied to an inquiry [from Washington] that His Majesty's Government had decided that in the event of heavy air attacks from bases in China on the U.N. forces in Korea they would associate themselves with action not confined to Korea." Labour members were shocked and angry—not only because of the turning of the tables, but at Mr. Morrison's ineptitude at not having covered himself in advance against this damaging revelation. To be defeated is the lot of Oppositions. But to be led blindfold to a humiliating rout by the man whose guilty secret was its cause was beyond endurance. Such seemed to be the immediate reaction. On reflection, of course, most Labour members realised that this was unjust to Mr. Morrison. His agreement had been very different from that of which Mr. Churchill was suspected. But the damage had been done. Labour suspicions had been turned against their ex-Ministers. Mr. Churchill formally assured the House that no "secret or private arrangements were made or any change of policy agreed upon—formally or informally, actual or implied" during the Washington visit; and the motion of censure lay in fragments round the unhappy Mr. Morrison.

It remained for Mr. Bevan to see what he could make of the pieces. His speech was less fully argued than some of his recent efforts, but it did much to restore the Opposition's self respect and it revealed the essence of Mr. Bevan's thoughts on foreign affairs—the folly of attempting the negative, military containment of the naturally fermenting process of social revolution. This is the basic fallacy of Tory foreign policy, whether administered by a Labour or a Conservative Government. It was the discussion of this which the Labour front bench had tried to avoid in directing its censure motion against the Prime Minister's personal conduct in Washington. But this was the thought that most members carried away with them when the debate had ended.

"We are discussing . . . it may be," said Mr. Bevan, "the end of what Mr. Churchill described as bi-partisan foreign policy." Mr. Bevan and his followers still have a good many doubters in their Party to convince; but one or two more occasions like last Tuesday might do the trick. Even the most stick-in-the-mud of Labour Members do not relish a long period of party warfare under a leadership half committed to the enemy plan.

WASHINGTON

The Dixiecrats Again

A Correspondent writes: The most fascinating feature of the Presidential race this week has been the desperate attempt of the Eisenhower faction to persuade their candidate to come home before Senator Taft has the nomination firmly in his grasp. It is now plain to all that while the General remains silent and in Europe he cannot expect his supporters to mobilise effective backing for him. But though public attention is focused on the Taft-Eisenhower struggle, there have been subterranean rumblings beneath the Democratic camp. President Truman may or may not wish to run again, but if he does decide to seek another term he will certainly have to do it in the face of much more bitter Dixiecrat opposition than he encountered in 1948. Then, many Southern Democrats broke away after the Democratic Convention had adopted a strong position on Negro rights, and their independent candidate carried four States in the South. In the last four years the bitterness between Mr. Truman and the Dixiecrats has increased; and if the President runs again, a new Dixiecrat rebellion is likely.

The Southern Democrats, indeed, led by Governor Byrnes of South Carolina and Senator Byrd of Virginia, have recently been discussing their strategy, and if the contest should finally be one between Taft and Truman then they plan to bring forward an independent Dixiecrat candidate, who might very well do better than his 1948 counterpart. Nothing, of course, would suit the Dixiecrats better than to steal sufficient electoral college votes from Truman to make it constitutionally necessary to throw the decision into the House of Representatives, where Dixiecrat Congressmen would then enjoy a grossly inflated bargaining power.

All this may be a tobacco smoke fantasy. If Eisenhower should be the Republican nominee, the Dixiecrats might improvise some scheme whereby Eisenhower was nominated as their Presidential candidate at the head of a series of local slates of Dixiecrat candidates. But whatever the outcome of these ingenious plans they are enough to add to the President's worries. He may eventually decide that the only way of holding the party together will be for him personally to step down in favour of another Democrat acceptable to both North and South. A possible combination is Governor Stevenson of Illinois, for President, and Senator Russell of Georgia, for Vice-President. In fact, the Democrats' best hope at the moment seems to be a contest between these two and Taft. But such a choice would only strengthen the blackmailer's grip of the South on the Democratic Party.

The Lessons of Lisbon

If we were to take the pile of communiques issued from Lisbon at their face value, we could reach only one conclusion: that the assembled Foreign Ministers, Defence Ministers and Finance Ministers of the fourteen N.A.T.O. countries had lost their senses. There has never been such an orgy of self-deception, wish-fulfilment and fraudulent book-keeping. The Defence Ministers, for instance, all pretend to be working on the thesis that there is a Russian military menace, which can only be met by the creation of a counterbalancing N.A.T.O. force in Europe. Yet at Lisbon their only object seemed to be to achieve the appearance of strength by concealing from each other the reality of weakness. It was solemnly announced, for instance, that the forces under General Eisenhower are to consist of 50 divisions by the end of 1952. This impressive total is just double the present strength of S.H.A.P.E. armies. How is it reached? Not a single extra division can be expected this year from the U.S. or Britain, and no German contribution is included. Moreover, the French quota has been cut from 14 to 12 divisions, and even these dozen French divisions will remain a paper figure so long as the war in Indo-China continues and the French term of service is kept at eighteen months. The fact is that the fraudulent total of 50 is reached by including, for instance, the whole strength of the British Territorial Army.

When we turn from the military planning to the financial recommendations, the picture is the same. The French have promised to spend the equivalent of £1,400m. on Defence this year. Everyone at Lisbon knew perfectly well that this is mythical. Britain's position looks rather better, but only because our crisis is a few months further off. In the second half of 1951, the dollar deficit of the sterling area was running at the rate of £1,450m., and our own British overall deficit at £850m. Yet, although, on Mr. Butler's own diagnosis, we are suffering from galloping inflation—and nothing is more inflationary than arms expenditure—we solemnly propose to spend £1,400m. on Defence in 1952. True, this £1,400m., at present prices, means a 15 per cent. cut in the three-year arms programme, which roughly brings it back from £4,700m. to £3,500m. Even this reduced programme is far greater than we can sustain out of our own resources without the most savage cut in our standard of living. Yet the Tories still claim that it is well within our capacity.

Alas, there is some sense in all this nonsense. The phoney balance-sheets, the paper armies and the synthetic optimism are all designed with one objective—to keep the dollars flowing across the Atlantic. Mr. Acheson, Mr. Harriman and General Eisenhower are joined with the European Ministers in an attempt to persuade Congress that everything in N.A.T.O. is fine and justifies a further dose of military assistance in 1952-53. Indeed, the whole elaborate show at Lisbon was motivated not by any serious military planning but by purely political considerations. Bankrupted by rearmament, we must rearm still further in order to obtain the dollars to stave off a formal declaration of bankruptcy. And, with each fresh dose of dollars, our long-term economic prospects deteriorate and our dependence on America grows more acute.

It is against this background that the one concrete achievement of Lisbon must be judged. The full Atlantic Council solemnly approved the plans for integrating the European Defence Community in N.A.T.O., and the big Powers reached agreement on Germany's financial contribution to rearmament. This means that the rearmament of Western Germany can now go forward, subject to agreement between the five nations of the E.D.C. on details, and ratification by the respective Parliaments.

What was done at Lisbon will make further resistance to a German Army a great deal more difficult. Before this conference, all that had been agreed was the principle of a German contribution to the defence of Western Europe. Now the actual defences are being constructed on the assumption that twelve German divisions, a tactical air force and a substantial fiscal contribution will be available in the near future. Any nation which says "no" after Lisbon will lay itself open to the charge of sabotaging the Atlantic Defence Community.

How were these agreements on German rearmament achieved? The plain answer is that they were railroaded through the conference by Mr. Harriman on condition of further American aid. The procedure went according to a protocol established for the first time at New York in September, 1950. On that occasion it was Mr. Acheson who, without previous notice, presented M. Schuman and Mr. Bevin with an ultimatum. They must either accept the principle of German rearmament or face the threat that American troops would be withdrawn from Europe and that General Eisenhower would not be available as Supreme Commander. Under duress, M. Schuman and Mr. Bevin surrendered. The next occasion for this type of dollar diplomacy was Brussels in December, 1950. Panicked by MacArthur's debacle in Korea, the Americans themselves were plunging into breakneck rearmament, and they demanded that their European allies should join them in stern measures. In particular, they must sharply increase their Defence budgets and stop delaying German rearmament.

It is now just fourteen months since the Brussels decisions. In that period, France and Britain, which at present contribute 75 per cent. of Europe's defence, have been overtaken by economic disaster, while Western Germany, well supplied with American dollars, and unencumbered by rearmament burdens, has advanced from strength to strength. In the same period, the project for a "European Army," originally a French federalist structure for *preventing* the creation of a German Army, had been transformed into an American device for building a German Army under another name. Thus, by the time the Lisbon conference assembled, the balance of European power had been reversed. Though Dr. Adenauer was not present, he was able, from Bonn, to dictate the terms on which Germany would be prepared to rearm. On the other side, the French Assembly had been informed by M. Schuman that, if it did not accept the European Army scheme, America would openly assist the Bonn Government to build a German national army.

The Lisbon conference, therefore, was the climax of a development which began with the Korean war. Behind its façade of glossy communiques stand the scarcely concealed ruins of British and French economic stability. Eighteen months of Atlantic rearmament and American diplomatic pressure have made the Germans masters in their own house and potential masters of Western Europe, and undermined the economic and strategic basis of French and British independence. Forced to continue a rearmament far beyond our resources, Mr. Butler is accepting American aid on terms which subject our budgetary and export policy to the strictest Congressional control.

We realise that the rehearsal of these facts will be described as "anti-American," particularly by those British politicians who cannot bear to face the consequences of their own actions. Ever since the Brussels conference, we have warned the Labour leaders that the acceptance of the inflated Defence plan and of the principle of German rearmament would destroy the foundations of British Socialism. Until Mr. Bevan's resignation, our words went unheeded, and even to-day one section of the Labour Party unites with the Tories in denouncing "Bevanism" as anti-American heresy.

It looks as though the Lisbon decisions may have won Mr. Bevan more converts. Even *The Times* has solemnly denounced its bogus balance-sheet, and the *Economist*, which pleaded so urgently for a German defence contribution, is now arguing that German rearmament should be postponed. These are small but healthy symptoms. But much more is needed. It is essential, in next week's debate on Defence, that Labour spokesmen should boldly expose the fraud of Lisbon, denounce the dollar diplomacy which is forcing German rearmament on the peoples of Europe, and oppose the Defence White Paper, which will make us permanently dependent on American aid. The Churchill Government, though it is still not six months old, is tired, disillusioned and divided. It could not resist such an onslaught for long, and a revitalised Labour Government could still recapture our independence in foreign policy before we have drifted into war.

The D Plan

By deciding unexpectedly to postpone the presentation of his Budget, either because of differences within the Cabinet as to the political advisability of this or that "cut," or because the Lisbon Conference led to revised estimates of forthcoming American aid, Mr. Butler has prolonged for a week the uncertainty with which perplexed traders are surrounded with regard to the future of purchase tax and the utility scheme. The Douglas Committee, whose report was issued at the end of last week, has made certain recommendations for a revision of the tax, and it seems probable that these will commend themselves to the Chancellor. They are unlikely to evoke great enthusiasm among consumers, and it is doubtful whether they will do much to lessen the obstacles which now face

manufacturers of high grade goods. The Committee was, in fact, given very restrictive terms of reference. It was to deal with the objection of foreigners that exemption of British-made utility goods from tax violated the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade; it was to seek to remove "difficulties"; it was to encourage the expansion of exports; and at the same time it was to preserve for home consumers the advantage of having "necessities" so far as possible free of tax. On the other hand, it was precluded from making any proposal which would result in diminishing the yield of purchase tax. That the Committee, in these circumstances, should have failed to produce a complete solution is not surprising.

With many of the conclusions which the Committee reaches in its survey of existing conditions there will be general agreement. It finds that the expansion of the utility schemes—inevitable as the extreme compulsions of wartime shortage lapsed—has effectively removed, with the single exception of the case of furniture, the guarantee of "value for money" which the schemes have been widely supposed to offer. Further, apart from its complicated apparatus of control, and its many opportunities for evasion, the utility scheme is riddled with anomalies. Why, for instance, should industrial protective clothing be taxed, but luxurious leather brief-cases be exempt on the ground that they are "necessary for business"? Finally, the incidence of purchase tax tends to distort production in two ways. First, the sudden jump from tax exemption to tax on the *full wholesale value* of goods results in a "blind spot"—a range of qualities just above utility level which are not produced because nobody will buy them. This, the Committee argues, has seriously affected the production of medium grade goods. Secondly, the narrowing of the home market in the case of expensive high quality products, carrying a high rate of purchase tax, is resulting in uneconomic "runs" and inability on the manufacturer's part to try out experimental new designs.

The Committee therefore proposes that the present system, whereby goods made to utility specifications are exempt, should be abandoned. Instead, there should be fixed for all goods in the relevant categories a minimum wholesale value on which no purchase tax would be chargeable. The tax—at existing rates—should be charged only on the amount by which the wholesale value exceeds the so-called "D" level, which would be applied at a point providing that roughly half of the articles in each category should be tax free. Since the tax would thus be applied more gradually, the "blind spot," it is argued, would be largely eliminated. For the protection of the buyer, the Committee suggests that appropriate safeguards are to be found in the adoption in industries of minimum standards and merchandise marks. Imported goods would be treated, of course, under the D plan on all fours with those of British manufacture.

There is undoubtedly a case to be made for revision of purchase tax on these lines. It would solve the problem of our obligations under the G.A.T.T., and it would do something to end the present absurd jump between the price of untaxed and taxed goods. On the other hand, the Committee hardly gives enough weight to the serious administrative difficulties in fixing the D level; and, apart from the objection that this is a curious moment to take steps which would encourage imports, the proposed re-grading of the tax would add quite appreciably to the cost of better-class utility products on which demand has rightly tended to be focused. There is really very little logic in the proposition that shoddy clothes should be tax free but equally essential garments of a slightly better, but definitely non-luxury nature, taxed. Moreover, at the moment, the sellers' market of the immediate post-war years may have gone; but, under the stress of rearmament, it may return, and with it the need for greater protection for buyers than mere competition between manufacturers. Finally, the proposals do little or nothing to meet the difficulties of the producer of high quality goods, whose ability to export is now in some degree handicapped by the inability of all but a fraction of home consumers to buy his wares. To meet his case, only a fixed percentage tax on all sales would suffice. This the Committee could not recommend: their directive was to preserve for the lower income groups the advantages of utility tax exemption. The real moral is that the present yield from purchase tax cannot be secured without either damaging industry or shifting the burden on to shoulders unable to bear it.

London Diary

HAROLD WILSON'S outline for an alternative Socialist Budget in the *News Chronicle* on Wednesday was a frank, challenging affair. He said bluntly that: "There should be a cut in Defence expenditure to a level which can be achieved without disrupting the economy. This would not weaken our defences; on the contrary it would produce a better balanced production of arms, and we must remember that military strength can never be built upon economic weakness." That clearly is the truth, and those Left M.P.s who say it will no doubt oppose the Defence White Paper next Wednesday. But logically the Right-wing of the Party must join them in the lobby against the Government if they are going to oppose the cuts in education and other social services. To carry out the full Defence programme necessitates huge cuts in everything constructive. The difficulty for both wings of Labour is obvious. Everyone remembers the disadvantages of Labour's pre-war decision to oppose Chamberlain's policy by voting against the Service estimates. There is talk to-day of an ingenious escape from the dilemma. Now that we have a Defence Minister and a separate Defence Debate, the Opposition can put down a reasoned amendment against the resolution approving the Defence White Paper, even though they do not vote against the three Service estimates.

* * *

Doubts about the drift of U.S. policy in the Far East are by no means confined to this side of the Atlantic. I notice, for instance, a remarkable editorial in that sensible newspaper, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, which writes:

> Brig. Gen. Thomas R. Phillips, *Post-Dispatch* military analyst, now reports from Washington, on "unimpeachable" authority, that "arms made surplus by new American equipment delivered to Formosa has been sent to the Chinese troops in Burma through Siam." It is apparent, Gen. Phillips says, that "such shipments could not be made without the knowledge, and possibly the connivance, of the United States mission to Nationalist China and the United States authorities in Siam" . . . One must ask whether the United States has two policies on aid to Chiang Kai-shek—a public policy, under which aid is supposed to be limited to the neutralisation of Formosa and a secret policy, under which aid is extended also, directly or indirectly, to Chiang's followers on the Asiatic mainland.

The editorial goes on to ask whether American policy is what the State Department says it is—to avoid further military entanglements in Asia—or whether it is being made by "private adventurers and political interests which would commit this country to an indissoluble marriage with Chiang Kai-shek." It is precisely such anxieties which impel many to demand a clear British policy for bringing about peace in the Far East. This demand will be voiced again at the Peace With China meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster, on Tuesday, March 4, at 7 p.m. On this occasion, when Viscount Stansgate will be the chairman, the main speakers will be Kenneth Younger, who, as Minister of State in Mr. Attlee's last Government, speaks with special authority, Barbara Castle, M.P., Ritchie Calder, recently back from his Unesco inquiry in S.E. Asia, James Cameron, author of the famous unpublished *Picture Post* article on Korea, and the Editor of the *N.S. & N.*

* * *

Dr. Agartz, one of the most distinguished of German economists, is head of the Trade Union Economic Research Institute at Cologne. It is his job to keep in touch with similar institutes everywhere, East as well as West of the Iron Curtain. He informs me that the regular delivery of important publications giving essential facts and figures—some of them ordered and paid for—has been interrupted, and some actually confiscated by order of the British Occupation Authorities. The law gave him the right to complain and to show special reason why he should receive publications which are forbidden as subversive. He made an appeal which was abruptly turned down. This is surely a matter which the Minister should explain in the House of Commons. Is Britain running Western Germany or not? If the West German Government is independent, what possible grounds can the British have for regulating the literature that enters the country? If, on the other hand, we are controlling Germany, then we might recall that our explicit promise to the Germans was that they should have free access to information and not have it withheld from them according to totalitarian pattern.

* * *

I well remember the surprise in Cambridge when Hubert Henderson, then an economics don at Clare, was persuaded by J. M. Keynes to become Editor of the *Nation* in succession to the great Massingham. Though he was more

don than journalist, he gave the paper an importance in the 'twenties by its up-to-date reassessments of the changes in England's post-war economy. He was a cautious man; if he had a period of boldness, that was mainly the effect of Keynes who jolted the Liberal Summer School movement into life. He and Keynes were responsible for the famous "Can Lloyd George Do It?" pamphlet, which foreshadowed by a practical example Keynes's famous theory about State expenditure as the key to ironing out slumps and booms. Henderson left the *Nation* about a year before its amalgamation with the *New Statesman*, exactly twenty-one years ago this very week. Later, under MacDonald, he became economic adviser to the Government with Keynes and Dennis Robertson. His principal function was to "debunk." No one was better at foreseeing difficulties and exposing muddle-headedness. He had all the characteristics that are supposed to belong to a Scottish Calvinist: his mind was argumentative rather than constructive. If he was often, in effect, reactionary, it was the result of the effort to be more just than Aristides. From many arguments in the 'thirties with him, I recall particularly two episodes. One was a long letter he wrote denouncing my irresponsibility in 1931 in suggesting that England might possibly go off the Gold Standard, and the other was a lunch not long before the war at which he threw up his hands and said: "The truth is the world has become too wicked for me nowadays." He was a kind, honest and able man. He earned the high distinction of being made Warden of All Souls, but it came to him too late.

* * *

Louis Lévy, whose death in his fifties is a very sad business, was one of the most agreeable of men. No one could help feeling warmer and more friendly to the world after a discussion with him about world politics in the *couloirs* of the Palais de Chaillot or in his favourite Soho pub after an excellent dish of his favourite *tête de veau vinaigrette*, ably supported by a glass of red wine. During the last twelve years he had become as popular and familiar a figure in London as he was in Paris. When he slimmed—too much I guess—we missed his jovial *embonpoint*. As writer and talker he learnt much in style and outlook from Léon Blum, who was himself in these matters a pupil of Jean Jaurès and Anatole France. Like so many other good Social Democrats, Lévy was shrewd and critical rather than politically effective. While he was still in exile, I recall his early warnings about the latent dictator in de Gaulle like his friend, de Brouckère, he protested against the follies of "unconditional surrender" and pointed to the dangers of the Yalta Agreement. Apart from writing for the *Populaire*, he gave much of his energy in recent years to rebuilding the Socialist International, and he rightly sought to induce the Labour Party and the French Socialists to adopt a common European policy. Ironically, Lévy's grave in Highgate cemetery is exactly opposite to that of Karl Marx. Those who want to set themselves an exercise in political analysis could scarcely do better than to work out the reasons why Lévy and so many other Social Democrats, armed with good will and a common philosophy, have so far failed to co-operate internationally.

I have always been in favour of culture and all that, and if there is the money to spare, I agree that the British Museum should add to its notable collection some more early Bibles and illuminated manuscripts. But if money is short, priority should surely be given to the needs of present-day research students who complain regularly and sometimes bitterly that the Reading Room shuts at five. The reason? Presumably because to keep it open until seven for the convenience of people who have to earn their living until five means the expense of extra staff, more lighting and heating and so forth. One of these frustrated seekers after truth complains to-day that the £82,000 which Mr. Butler is spending on the Earl of Leicester's treasures would have paid for quite a lot of service.

* * *

An American friend sends me the latest campaigning story. A Southern Congressman is said to have wound up his oration with the following hundred per cent. statement. "The one thing, brethern and sistern, that Ah hates, is racial intolerance and niggers." CRITIC

ABOVE SUSPICION

Better the words had been left unsaid—
Those words will not be repeated here—
Enough to say that a smear was spread,
And deep offence was the consequence,
Though none was meant, and a thoughtless sneer
To righteous umbrage led.

The meaning perhaps was misunderstood—
The luckless phrase we will not reveal—
Repetition would do no good,
But depths were stirred by a careless word
Concerning Italian sex-appeal
And British womanhood.

The speaker harboured no dark designs
But innuendo may go too far,
And though untarnished virtue shines,
Appeasement fails with men of Wales,
And just for a careless word they bar
The Dagoes from the mines.

It isn't a case of the cap that fits—
Never so undeserved a slur—
No Casanova in British pits,
No Latin charm need cause alarm,
But the miners turn on the foreigner,
And the Coal Board helpless sits.

Can the National Board soothe the miner's soul?
This awkward deadlock must be resolved,
Now thoughtless talk has affected coal.
Will they set aside their injured pride,
Since productivity is involved,
And N.C.B. control?

Pacification they must pursue—
Britain's emergency is dire.
Could the National Coal Board not review
Another source for a mining force?
Could they not usefully enquire,
Would *Yankee* miners do?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

"In the future when man learns to control his disordered impulses . . . the time will come when the sex organs will atrophy and disappear and man will produce his kind from his larynx which will be transformed to speak the Creative Word. . . . Meanwhile we must make the best of a bad job.—*The Church Militant*. (I. Bell.)

My goldfish is religious. He stays still as a stone, in a reverent attitude, while the service is on the radio on Sundays. Then, when "Family Favourites" comes on, he darts about gaily.—Letter in *Reveille*. (A. Frost.)

I wonder how many other people have noticed that when the names of our new Royal Family are placed in the following order—Philip, Elizabeth, Anne, Charles, Edinburgh—they give us the word —PEACE.—Letter to *Manchester Evening News*. (T. W. Freeman.)

Repertory Crisis?

ANY actor will tell you—especially if he is "resting"—that provincial repertory theatre is in crisis. But one notices that repertory, like the film industry and the publishing trade, is always in crisis but never reaches catastrophe. One expects to find, therefore, that the picture is a mixed one; and that is just what I did find during a recent tour of large and small provincial towns. Many theatres, like many film units and publishing houses, have failed, and unemployment among actors remains disgracefully high. But many other theatres are doing excellent business. The famous Birmingham Rep. has had to ask for an increased municipal grant; the Liverpool Playhouse makes a handsome profit. The Arts Council has a sickly child at Salisbury and a thriving youngster, almost ready to dispense with the parental allowance, at Chesterfield.

The reasons for this situation are obscure and vary in different places. Nobody can say to a rep. company: "Do this, and this, and you will succeed." Some towns want one sort of Theatre and some want another. I shall set out certain conclusions which I found generally true. Thus, there are broadly, two types of repertory. The non-profit company enjoys relief from entertainment tax and often a subsidy from the Arts Council or, since the Labour Government's permissive legislation, from the rates. It aims at a high standard of production and often presents a run of a fortnight or even a month. The commercial rep. gives each play for a week and gets no help in balancing its books, unless from the backing of a big theatre chain, Fortescue's or Hanson's. The rift between these two systems is probably the unhealthiest feature of the theatrical scene. A Light Programme and a Third Programme have grown up in what could be the most unifying of the arts. At best, in a town like Oldham, which has one theatre of each type, the two managements keep a friendly distance: "We do *Pick-up Girl* and let them get on with *Hamlet*," the commercial manager told me. At worst there is real enmity, and charges of "Philistine money-grubbers" and "Long-haired fancy stuff" fly from foyer to foyer.

The reality is that many commercial producers have honest artistic standards and do their best in unenviable conditions, while not every non-profit management is above slipping in a run of *While Parents Sleep* if *The Family Reunion* has done bad business. The actors, too, pass from highbrow to lowbrow and back again as fortune directs. Of the two problems at the root of the present (partial) crisis, one at least, that of rising costs, is general: canvas, costumes, transport, and electricity have gone up impartially. The other problem, that of falling audiences, is also common to repertories of both types.

Some managements are chiefly troubled by empty seats in the cheap rows. As a rule the cause is simple inflation—the cost of eggs and bacon to the working-class family—and cinemas and music halls are feeling the draught too. There may be nothing wrong with the policy of a rep. which is suffering in this way; and there may be nothing to be done, if the town is too small to support a theatre with patrons coming to every other pro-

duction instead of every one. But a theatre which sees as its main problem the drop in the middle-class audience, and which cannot offset this by steady working-class patronage, is in a bad way. Sir Barry Jackson told me that the "intellectual aristocracy" of our second city, which made possible the great days of the Birmingham Rep., is melting away. One may ascribe this to high taxation, to the lure of the West End, to television, or to the fact—for so it appears—that our bougeoisie is either less cultured than twenty years ago, or else less culture-snobbish and less constrained to be "seen at the play."

A theatre which cannot survive as the delight of a local élite must plainly turn to a wider audience. A "People's Theatre," long a dogma of the more or less Marxist theoriser, has become an economic necessity. Mr. Geoffrey Ost used this very phrase to me of his Sheffield Playhouse. Sir Barry took pride in a very different epithet: Archer had called the Birmingham Rep. a "temple of dramatic art." I shall not misrepresent Sir Barry in saying that the thought of producing for the Austin workers makes him acutely unhappy. Mr. Ost, though he values his patrons among the professional classes and the university community, is perfectly happy to produce for steel workers; he pointed cheerfully to a block booking of 250 seats made by the Institute of Foremen. The proof of the pudding is in the eating—the Birmingham Rep. needs a bigger grant, but the Sheffield Playhouse has no grant at all and is worried only about how to get a building licence to put in a bigger balcony. The Chesterfield Civic Theatre, now playing the most successful of its three seasons, emphasises the point. The town is too small to support a theatre, but the surrounding mining villages hold 200,000 people. Prices range from 1s. 6d. to 4s. and the miners come in crowds. The actors told me that they could not ask for a more intelligent and appreciative audience, and spoke with some contempt of the "local fur coats."

A word about subsidies. The case for them is attractive; the law permitting municipal grants was enlightened, and it is easy to contrast the Philistinism of a Council which refuses a grant with the generosity of Continental towns, who dug deep in their pockets to make the Vienna Burgtheater, for instance, what it was, and are still digging to the tune of £75,000 a year in a place like Basle. Our towns help libraries, art galleries, and concerts—why not the theatre? Because, the City Fathers reply, we should be taxing 97 per cent. of the people for the pleasure of the three per cent. who go to the theatre. This argument cannot be dismissed as uncivilised; the Councillors feel, more or less clearly, that the theatre should reach out to the population, and does not. The least one can say is that a grant is no substitute for an audience. By and large, the theatres which are asking for grants are those which are losing their following.

The decision to seek a popular audience has some interesting implications, of which I will mention three. A flourishing rep. depends on people who will come to almost every play. Outside London, the theatre which rests on casual patronage is lost. The system of permanent bookings—you take seat F20 for the third night of each run and only notify the booking office if you are not coming—fills 65 per cent. of the house at Sheffield. At the Theatre Royal, Oldham, Monday night is set aside largely for the Supporters' Club. Working-class audiences, who enter a theatre with some timidity, like to be welcomed when they come again, and they like to come with their friends. Large parties descend on Chesterfield from the villages, taking advantage of an inclusive ticket which covers the play, the bus ride, and a meal at the Civic Restaurant.

The popular audience imposes some limits on the choice of play. Not that it wants broad or too-simple drama. Shakespeare is welcome, so is Shaw, so is Bridie, so is Fry; Eliot and Anouilh are a bit much, though Sheffield is to have a stab at *The Cocktail Party*. At Chesterfield, it seems, the public wants to laugh, and lap up the wit of Shaw, Wilde, or Pinero. But at Oldham I was told that social dramas do best, especially American plays like *Deep are the Roots*. The Lancashire audience also likes to see itself, and flocked to *Love on the Dole*.

Finally, the style of acting. Most producers in rep. say that they work exactly as if they were at the St. James's. Anything else they would regard as cheating the audience, for anyone who buys a ticket is entitled to the best. At the other end of the scale, some commercial producers make their actors "ham" outrageously. But there is a middle position, popular among the more serious commercial producers and sometimes found in non-profit companies too. According to this theory, it is possible to vary the style of acting without debasing it. The style now taught in dramatic schools and seen on the London stage is not an absolute standard, but a convention of under-playing; and there is another tradition, a style which emphasises emotion and frankly invites the audience to share it, in which Irving took his place and which in some measure Mr. Wolfit represents to-day. I have purposely refrained from offering an opinion on the performances I saw in the provinces, though I saw some very good ones. But I believe it may well be that such a style of acting is an integral part of the turn towards a popular theatre.

MERVYN JONES

White Collar

"BUSINESS," an immigrant in America wrote home to his family in 1836, "is the very soul of an American. He pursues it, not as a means of procuring for himself and his family the necessary comforts of life, but as the fountain of all human felicity." About the same time, that urbane Frenchman, Alexis De Tocqueville, was expressing essentially the same thought. "I know of no country, indeed," he wrote in *Democracy in America*, "where the love of money has taken stronger hold on the affections of men." One hundred-odd years of technological change, war and politics have not rendered obsolete these insights into American civilisation. "The business of America," Calvin Coolidge said, in our own time, "is business," and only ten years ago former President Herbert Hoover announced that World War II was fought on behalf of that Fifth Freedom, "Freedom of Enterprise," which more than any other freedom is to-day held to be the cornerstone of American democracy.

It was not always so. In American history, against the ideology of the acquisitive society, there were opposed the ideologies of protest and revolt—Populism, Farmer-Labourism, Socialism, Anarchism. Within living memory, Henry George failed by only a few hundred votes to become mayor of New York; Eugene Debs, serving a term in a Federal penitentiary, polled almost a million votes in a Presidential election; and Bob LaFollette received almost five million Progressive votes. But if successive defeats of the Left in America have not always been dismal, they have been no less decisive. At present the American Left is feeble, splintered and under pressure from within and without. It no longer makes any radical challenge. Materialism, in a society where materialism has paid big rewards, has proved too powerful an adversary.

Yet, at the very moment of victory, the American Way has itself gone flat and stale. "'Success' in America," says a recent book* by C. Wright Mills, "has been a widespread fact, an engaging image, a driving motive, and a way of life. In the middle of the twentieth century it has become less widespread as fact, more confused as image, often dubious as motive, and soured as a way of life." The author, a Professor of Sociology at Columbia University, has attempted to explore the significance for American democracy of the emergence of a new class of citizens, neither entrepreneurs nor wage-earners, who, as he puts it, "slipped quietly into modern society." In his analysis of the American new middle classes and the society which has shaped them, Professor Mills has written one of the most perceptive studies of America to appear in a generation.

The subjects of his book are the white collar Americans who comprise the corporate, governmental and trade union managers and their innumerable assistants, members of professions, technicians, sales people and clerks. Unimportant in 1870, the white collar people have increased their number 1,600 per cent. since then, compared with the wage-workers' 255 per cent., and the entrepreneurs' 135 per cent. At present, according to Mr. Mills' figures, the new middle classes constitute 54 per cent. of all persons employed, and thus "upset the 19th-century expectation that society would be divided between entrepreneurs and wage-earners."

Certainly it is true that the democratic political philosophers anchored the free society to small-scale property ownership, and that the Marxists anticipated increasing proletarianisation. But in America the corporation has destroyed or made captive small entrepreneurship (which "renders ideological gifts to big business in return for a feudal-like protection"), and the white collar people, proletarianised in terms of property, have not been proletarianised psychologically or politically. Thus, the new middle classes conform to no classical conception. Unlike the old entrepreneuring middle classes and the working class, they have neither an articulated philosophy or a conscious politics. They follow the drift and await the main chance.

Professor Mills is not hopeful. In a particularly incisive paragraph he writes:

> The material hardship of nineteenth-century industrial workers finds its parallel on the psychological level among twentieth-century white collar employees. The new Little Man seems to have no firm roots, no sure loyalties to sustain his life and give it a centre. He is not aware of having any history, his past being as brief as it is unheroic; he has lived through no golden age he can recall in time of trouble. Perhaps because he does not know where he is going, he is in a frantic hurry; perhaps because he does not know what frightens him, he is paralysed with fear.

The paralysis and apathy for Professor Mills arise out of the institutionalised insecurity of the white collar people. In the main they neither own property nor do they produce wealth. Their average income, roughly double that of wage-earners in 1890, is now only slightly ahead of the working-class average after the levelling tendencies of two world wars. Formerly status-proud, the new middle classes have become so numerous and broadly recruited that "nobody gets any prestige from belonging." And within the white collar structure there is a decreasing number of suitable jobs for an increasing number of university and secondary graduates. Among white collar people in the last 70 years the proportion

* *White Collar: The American Middle Classes* (Oxford University Press, New York, 1951. $6.00).

of managers, professionals and sales people has declined, but the proportion of office workers has increased 28 per cent.

But while the new middle classes accumulate tensions and frustrations, American business is becoming increasingly power-conscious and manipulative. The "science" of human relations in business, taught in universities and on the shop floor, is simply managerialism "disguised in the pseudo-objective language of engineers," and designed to increase efficiency, exploit workers' solidarities and grievances before they can become crucial, and create new symbols justifying the concentrated power of managers. Increasingly, big business, in one guise or another, provides the major market for ideas, and hence, the livelihood of intellectuals; the funds necessary for university research, and hence, the living of professors; and through control of mass media, the tastes, wants and desires of most Americans. At Washington, it is more and more difficult to tell where business ends and government and the trade unions begin.

Which way will the new middle classes go? In considering this question Mr. Mills' pessimism is in no way relieved. They may join Labour, but so far only 16.2 per cent. of the white collar people are organised in unions, compared with 44.1 per cent. of wage-earners, and joining Labour involves radical adjustments in the psychology of white collarism and further reduction in status. Although the white collar people are generally committed to business ideology, they are not likely, on their own initiative, to form an independent political front for business. Clearly, political proletarianism, as distinct from bread-and-butter trade unionism, is not winning in America. "In the decade to come, "the point to watch is the type and the extent of Labour's involvement with business corporations and with the administrative state." At present, Labour is very heavily involved with both, except for an occasional skirmish over "who gets what, when, and how." Hence, Mr. Mills' book, like most literature of the American Left, is sorrowful and resigned. Like Veblen before him, with whose work his book can be compared, he seems to have concluded that the rational adjustment of American culture and institutions cannot, in the nature of things, be accomplished. "History," wrote Veblen in 1914, "records more frequent and more spectacular instances of the triumph of imbecile institutions over life and culture than of peoples who have by force of instinctive insight saved themselves alive out of a desperately precarious institutional situation, such, for instance, as now faces the peoples of Christendom." Although he never goes that far, Mr. Mills seems to share the thought.

Professor Mills, of course, can be accused of weighting the odds against liberal reform and progress. It may be argued, for example, that in the event of a slump American Labour will go Left and political. Or, if the Republicans capture the Presidency in November, and reduce the unions' share of the armaments boom, Labour's exodus from Washington will produce a united union front, and the reconstruction of the parties along clear Left and Right lines. And, according to Professor Mills' own analysis, when Labour or any other movement begin to win, the white collar people will begin to choose. Already an economic proletariat, they will become a political one if success is assured. But Professor Mills is chiefly concerned with probabilities, and the probability is a continuing "drift toward a society in which men are the managed personnel of a garrison state." This statement sums up his book, and—tragically—sums up America in 1952.

New York, February. JOHN CATES

In Transit

THE winter wind, which is not so unkind as man's ingratitude, sometimes makes the houses waterproof. A blizzard turns a leaking Nissen hut into a kind of igloo. Snow is driven into the small crevices that the rain knows, and is packed hard. After frost, the vents are plugged.

This is an Edinburgh emergency housing camp. It contains over seven hundred families. There are four camps within the city, each with its miserable multitudes. This one is semi-rural, in parkland covered with a few trees. The "brass monkey" weather of mid-winter is cruelly cold under the metal skin of a Nissen hut. But frost has advantages: it abolishes the damp that eats into furniture, elderly bones, and children's lungs. Over half the houses are damp or leaking; and summer has its own problems—flies, rats, smells and germs. Summer is a friend to dampness. Stoves are kept going, turning the huts into furnaces, to evaporate the damp. Blankets, put away for the warm months in drawers, become sodden and smelly.

Over 80 per cent. of the people in the camp live in "half-huts"—Nissens divided into two by breeze blocks faced with cement. The division is not sound-proof. Home is a concrete floor, with roof and walls in a single metal parabola. The huts are old, the metal is corroding, but authority rarely allows new metal for repairs: a daub of tar is enough. When a man arrives with his family, he finds a small stove (half of them are too small for cooking), a sink with running water, and a baffle screen inside the door. Furniture? There is space for a chest of drawers, a wardrobe, a table or so with chairs, and two beds (one for mum and dad, the other for the kid). Good solid furniture might withstand the atmosphere, but the flashy stuff from the emporiums gives out after a few months. Veneer peels off, backs drop off, drawers and doors warp and stick, surfaces buckle. This is real tragedy to people who have been beguiled by advertising and sales talk. Their savings have gone into the wooden trash that might have hung together in a brick house but reverts to its original tea-boxes and beaver-board under the insidious damp. The outlet from the sink goes through a pipe in the wall to an open ditch and then into an old army drainage system. Down the field is the sump, difficult to locate except in summer when the stink is like a sign-post. In wet weather it floods, and children escape from the half-huts to paddle in the sludge.

The inhabitants of the camp are of two kinds, those who can endure, drawing on endless patience, and those who succumb. Life is partly communal; and that is the major difficulty and danger, much worse than the accommodation itself. A family can get along for a time with inadequate housing if it is its own to make or mar. But in the camp every housewife is at the mercy of her neighbours. In the steamy kitchens, unlovely places with sweat pouring down the walls, there is a fretting battle for fire-space so that the man can have a hot dinner when he comes back from work. The battle can be ruthless when selfishness or personal emergency, or the growing bad temper of hopelessness, make it impossible for the sweetest temperament to adapt itself. When the meal is cooked it has to be carried, in summer sunshine or winter sleet and darkness, to the half-hut.

There has been a long fight to prevent bad standards driving out good in the communal kitchens, lavatories and wash-houses. In some sections the fight has been hopeless. Broken windows, stolen electric bulbs, baths half full of earth and dirty water, smashed faucets, become accepted as acts of unavoidable malice. Children are blamed for the damage but they are not always guilty. In each section of the camp the kitchens and so on are looked after by employed caretakers whose job it is to light fires, sweep and disinfect toilets, attend to bath-houses, see that surroundings are kept clean, check on garbage, act on complaints, and collect the rent on Mondays. Suitable responsible caretakers are worth their weight in gold. An indifferent caretaker, with no discipline over the few "bad families," makes life deteriorate for all.

In this camp the communal lavatories used to be army style. The w.c.s were in stalls without doors. The young and old, healthy and sick, clean and dirty, sat side by side. Protests, requests, supplications were like prayers to a hostile god. Only a full-scale campaign and the intervention of a Member of Parliament succeeded in persuading the authorities to fix doors. Now each compartment is padlocked and a family holds the key to its own privy. Such an important victory took not weeks but years.

The camp was intended as a transit centre, and is still scheduled as such. It was taken into use to house temporarily those who were to be allocated new municipal houses, either pre-fabs or permanents, and who had no other accommodation whatsoever. No one was very concerned with what was at the most a brief inconvenience. The promise of homes for all softened immediate discomfort. But weeks and months of tenancy have lengthened to two and three years. What was initially a make-shift in the housing programme is now a new and serious social problem.

There is a nursery school for the very young within the camp, but children of all ages have a license and freedom that can hardly be denied them. The parental mansion does not permit them being put into another room. When life is semi-communal, it follows that children are semi-domesticated. In the communal part of their lives they are influenced every day by persons whose standards may be anything at all. Even a street in the city, with its recognised and recognisable dangers, exerts a discipline. The camp is wide open, many acres in extent. Home is one room. The children cannot be eternally cooped up between the hot stove and the sink. The sump is fascinating. Communal garbage cans are a delight to toddlers. Drains are highways for paper ships.

The camp has a bad reputation. The camp committees fight this as best they can. They are not squatters; they are not living on charity. They are precise about such distinctions. They pay rent to a Town Council. They are like other working people except that they live in the camp. The standards of the bad families make the reputation. A young girl applied for her first job at a hospital. She was to be accepted until the matron had second thoughts. The camp was an unfortunate address. Anyone from the camp might be loaded with germs. Nothing personal of course, but the matron was very sorry. . . .

A boy about to leave school has to pass an exam for entry to a technical college. He is clever and able but he has forgotten what it is to be alone. There is no place for him to study quietly. Home is one room. If his parents go out and spend money on buses and picture-houses, or even visit friends in the camp, so that he can be left in peace, there is always the next-door radio through the partition. The oases of peace in the city, the public libraries, are far away. Home is a half-hut. And when it rains on the Nissen you can hardly hear yourself think. It is the plight of the children that makes the parents bitter beyond words. Party politics have

Schweppshire Post

VOL. CICLXVIII No. 96 CIRENSCHWEPSTER, 1952. SCHWEPPENCE

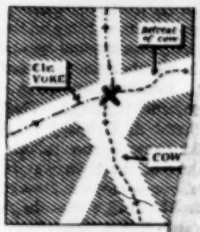
COUNCILLOR COLLIDES WITH COW

ESCAPES WITH SLIGHT ABRASIONS

Schweppton Mallet, Tuesday

A small automobile was the focus of what might have been an unpleasant event for Schweppshire this morning. Pedestrians were taken unaware when Councillor Alfred Yoke, turning past Galway Mansions, found himself face to face with an unguarded Shorthorn, which, but for Yoke's presence of mind, might have received serious injury.

Councillor Yoke (left). Cow (right)



POST has long campaigned for one-way traffic in Watercooks Lane. Here, of further proof (if any were needed), is further proof that yet another POST campaign should not be allowed to join the realm of lost causes.

Where Schweppshire SPEAKS to the World

Our 2,000th Registered Reader will meet the Editors of 'POST'

Everyone in Cirenschwepster knows the POST offices at the corner of Groabham Gardens, spaciously designed to give pleasant working conditions to our eager staff. Triple fenestration allows maximum egress to light and air, and a lofty aspect overlooks one of Cirenschwepster's most teeming scenes.

Telephonic communication puts POST within immediate reach of Schweppshire's farthest corners. A delivery van, on which we have first claims. (TURN TO P. 6, COL. 6)

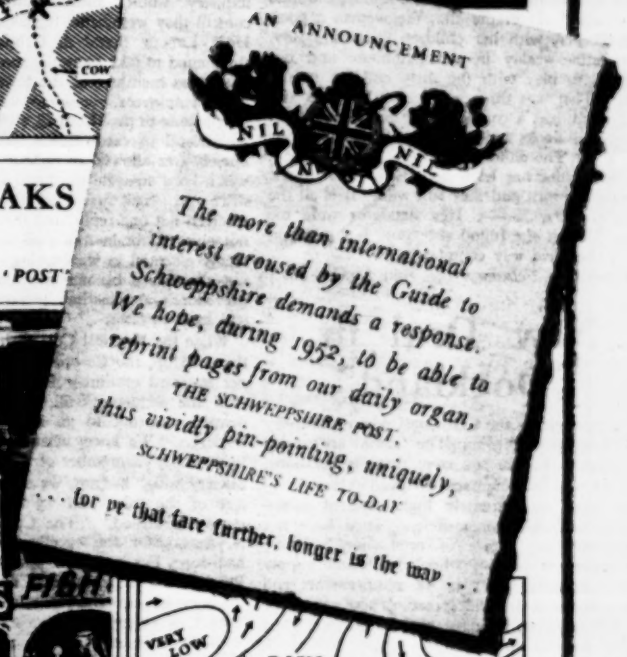
The Offices of POST (arrow). Visible in the picture:

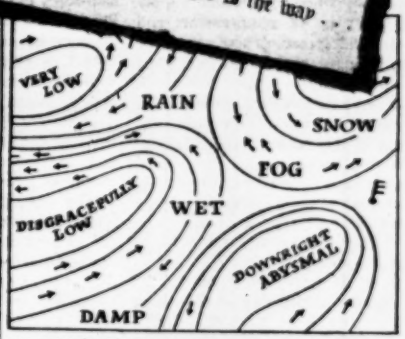
1 *Home and Colonial Editor*
2 *City and Fashion Editor*
3 *Agricultural and Art Editor*
4 *Schweppshire Lad (Sport and Public Relations)*

Powers sign treaty

"A TURNING POINT" *SAYS ENVOY*

SCHWEPPSHIRE FIRM SUPPLIED BLOTTER


AN ANNOUNCEMENT
NIL
NIL
The more than international interest aroused by the Guide to Schweppshire demands a response. We hope, during 1952, to be able to reprint pages from our daily organ, THE SCHWEPPSHIRE POST, thus vividly pin-pointing, uniquely, SCHWEPPSHIRE'S LIFE TO-DAY
. . . for ye that fare further, longer is the way . . .



WEATHER FORECAST. GENERAL: *Dull intervals.* NORTH: *Dull all day.* SOUTH: *Intensely dull.* MIDDLE: *Schweppitome of dullness.*

Written by Stephen Potter · Drawn by Leweit-Hum

STREETCAR KIDNAPPED in Hove, Pa.

SCHWEPPSHIRE VISITOR got off in time

J. Johns, our local apothecary, nearly had first-hand experience of gang warfare, when (Turn to p. x, col. x)

World Premiere

NEW FILM ACCLAIMED

Schweppshire Man in charge of Buffet

I chanced on "Bandy" Rombold of Aden Gardens dealing out drinks smartly to a (TURN TO P. 6, COL. 6)

lost their savour. "We used to look forward to polling days with the meetings and all, but now it doesn't seem to matter." A man is judged not by his label but by the personal effort he will make in agitating for doors to water-closets.

The people in the camp have been forced to organise, in self-defence and self-preservation, to put on demonstrations, to appoint committees and spokesmen to deal with municipal officers and clerks who are human enough to vary from the helpfully friendly to the acidly supercilious. What they cannot organise are new houses. The rent for a half-hut, complete with concrete floor and metal roof, is 8s. 6d. per week. The rent for a pre-fab, with all conveniences and gadgets, is 13s. 9d. The larger families, who occupy a whole Nissen, pay 15s. Life is a fight, not only against authority, dirt, cold, damp, heat, illness and rats, but against one's own growing apathy. Families begin to crack at different periods. On the faces of some there is a look of strain, of controlled despair, such as soldiers show when they have seen too much action. At the camp committees they say, quite plainly, there is a limit to human endurance. They live near the edge of that limit, fearing that some day they will slip over.

Remember the X——s? Nice family, the man in a steady job in the city, the woman a good housekeeper, with her children clean and tidy, two baths weekly in the bathhouse and not allowed to play with the dirty children in the camp. That was three years ago. X—— is still in his job, had a couple of pay increases. Mrs. X—— still cooks and looks after her family. She is a slut. The children are filthy, foul-mouthed, and the elder has been de-loused once. Their clothes are torn and they run wild. It is all the fault of Mrs. X——. Her standards were too high. When she found she could not maintain them she gave way completely.

Edinburgh, February. NEIL MCCALLUM

New Deal in Dockland

THE DOCKERS of the East Coast port of Grimsby are a homogeneous group. The "cards" are handed on from father to son over many generations, and the skill and toughness involved in their job—they have an extremely high accident rate—breeds a rough camaraderie. They have not forgotten the "years of oppression" during the inter-war period, when the labour supply was constantly in excess of requirements and unemployment was widespread. These conditions bred a spirit of unquestioning solidarity among them which still remains firmly implanted. When the docks were nationalised, and as dock-side workers the dockers were registered with the centralised agency of the National Dock Labour Board, they felt that the time was ripe to end the relationship between dockers and the private stevedoring companies which had so many unpleasant memories. "We felt," as one Grimsby docker put it, "that the nationalised industry would welcome workers' control."

In Grimsby, as in no other port in the United Kingdom, the dockers' desire to gain something more than higher wages has a long history. It dates back to the foundation of the Co-operative Stevedoring Society in 1894, which, with the aid of the Grimsby General Workers' Friendly and Protective Society, struggled against private interest more to "subsidise" the meagre wages than to actually establish a form of workers' control. But its operation was a forerunner to a move in that direction. In the 1919 Annual Report of the Society, for instance, the General Secretary talked not merely of bonus and increased wages, but of the "great struggle for advancement and emancipation of our class." Calling for harder work, he said: "You will not only benefit the efforts of the Society, but will show the rest of the Transport Industry, how *co-operation* effectively works in the interests of the community as a whole."

Under the Government's instructions to reduce the number of stevedores on the docks, the Society was disbanded at the start of World War II, but the idea was kept alive. Indeed, to men who had been members of the old Society all their lives, it was not something which could be suddenly forgotten. After the war the 10/54 branch of the Transport and General Workers Union formulated the idea into a practical scheme. This time the Co-operative Productive Federation supplied the dockers with model rules for a productive society, and in 1949 the General Workers Co-operative Stevedores Society Ltd., was established in the docks of Grimsby and her sister port of Immingham, to carry on the trade of stevedoring, shipping brokers and agents.

If the men felt that the nationalisation of their industry would automatically bring workers' control they were sadly mistaken. The National Dock Labour Board in Grimsby at first even threatened to take away the men's cards because, it said, as members of the Society they were no longer employees, but employers. How then could they belong to the N.D.L.B.? But the threatened withdrawal of cards never took place, and the Society was allowed to operate in the docks. It was a hard struggle to obtain their first ship for discharge. The first letter the Society sent out received not one reply, and the fact that they are not able to obtain much advance information—vitally essential in stevedoring—because they are not allowed to become members of the Master Stevedore's Association, is another hurdle they still have to clear.

When the National Coal Board did at last send them a ship, the Co-operative reduced the price per standard of timber from 12s. 3d. to 8s. 9d. And the reduction still allowed for an ample margin of profit to go into the funds of the Society. "We knew what our slice of the cake was before," a member of the Committee of the Society said, "but now we are getting to know the size of the cake, and we're getting more and more dissatisfied." The Coal Board expressed its thanks for the excellent work the Society had done, but it did not send many more ships. Between the ships unloaded by Society members the men go into the pool, from which they are signed by private stevedores to unload cargoes. The reduction in price is not the only material benefit gained from the Co-operative method. The Society has waived some of the indemnities that are claimed by private stevedores. These include stoppages for bad weather and those which are the men's fault—strikes excepted.

The benefits of the Society monetarily are naturally limited at the moment, but in the future the committee hopes to be able to establish a pension fund to supplement dockers' pensions, as well as to pay out bonus. But what is much more important, and one can feel it in the way the men talk of their work is that they are learning just how important is their end of the job on the docks and just how much they can do. Now dockers from Liverpool and Southampton have approached the Co-operative Productive Federation with similar proposals in mind. Members of the Committee, representing 560 out of the 800 men who work in Grimsby and Immingham docks, recently went to Liverpool to pass on the results of their experience. In London a small venture has been launched as a private company.

It has been said again and again that the cause of the unrest in the docks of the United Kingdom is due to a great fear of insecurity and bitter memories of the past; but it is the system as much as the memories which keeps the situation tense. Perhaps it would be well for the trade unions and the National Dock Labour Board to watch the Grimsby experiment carefully. In it may lie the answer to the year-round struggle in the docks.

R. H. CLEMENTS

The Daily Muse

IT is obvious when you come to think about it that the poet and the headline-writer are up to very much the same thing. Out of the muddy waters of human experience they both have to distil a few potent drops. The headline-writer has to distil even fewer drops than the poet, so they ought to be all the more potent. Every word in a poem must contribute its share to the effect; so must every word in a headline. The poet ought to have an impeccable ear; so, assuredly, ought the headline-writer. Both, in their different ways, have to dig the imagination in the ribs and stimulate it into activity. Of course, headlines don't rhyme; but the days when you could infallibly tell a headline from a poem by this test alone have long gone by; and indeed it may very well be said that at present there is no significant difference between the two products.

This conclusion, important as it is to Criticism of Letters, might very well have escaped me had not a particularly memorable headline-poem lodged in my mind last autumn. It was in the *Daily Express*, and was written when some young women, arriving in the Canal Zone to marry British servicemen, were allowed briefly on shore for the ceremony. They spent a wedding night in tents relinquished by N.A.A.F.I. girls, and were then taken straight back to England. The heading ran:

"Ship-to-shore girls wed:
Red roses and Sten guns for seven Suez brides:
And home again to-day."

This is work of undeniable excellence. The forceful trochaic metre of the first line, with its abrupt economy of statement, should be contrasted with the gentler iambic and sighing, dying fall of the third: "And home/again/to-day." The second line is nothing less than masterly. It would take a long and learned thesis to do justice to it. To begin with, it is a fine, muscular example of sprung rhythm, dipping and curving in its flight but always in perfect control of itself. The four heavy stresses in the first five words ("Red/ro/ses and Sten/guns") form a centre of gravity for the whole poem and give full weight to the contrast which is its superficial theme. Implicitly, the poem has its roots in a profundity of blood-symbolism; here are birth and marriage and death; fruitfulness and sterility; man in face of the inanimate and of the worse-than-inanimate. All in all, it is a brief work but satisfying; you could write for a month without saying one-tenth as much. Beside this, my own favourite lines—"A garden is a lovesome thing" and "Bird thou never wert" and "Bare like nude giant girls that have no secret"—and in fact a good many other lines, ancient and modern, look dreadfully pale.

It must be admitted at once that all the best headline-poets seem to have flocked to the popular papers. Here is another, less ambitious example of work from the *Daily Express*, which can perhaps claim to be the leading anthology. It is a straight-forward piece of narrative verse:

"Boy says corporal throttled him; threatened,
'Tell and I kill you,'
But the beating-up was 'just what I deserved.'"

The metre of the first line is unusual, perhaps unique: it is at once a good rhythmic line and one that suggests the frightened panting of a victim.

Unfortunately, editors seem seldom willing to give their men room for pieces of reasonable length. Often there appears what can only be called a fragment—perhaps no more than three or four words—elucidated by a disproportionately long footnote of anything up to three-quarters of a column. To make things worse, editors will often give the name of the footnote-writer while the poet himself remains anonymous. This is typical of the lack of esteem in which the creative arts are held at present.

Even in fragments, though, the true artist can show his ability. There is a fine alliterative bounce about the simple *"Booming Britain Outpaces Pits"* with which the *Daily Herald* announced a fuel crisis, while it would be hard to excel the derisive assonance of *"Another/Lump of/Sugar"* (in the *Daily Express* when the Labour Government increased the ration). Frequently it is obvious that, although only a fragment is given, the whole poem exists, perfect, in the mind of the writer. For example, the line:

"So sweet, so sweet for Cuba,"

again from the *Daily Express*, is undoubtedly part of a (probably Housmanesque) short poem. In this instance, the poet has had to admit defeat by the restriction of space. But such a surrender is not always necessary. A promising way of overcoming the difficulty is to start a poem which the reader can with very little effort continue for himself. The *News Chronicle* did it very well with:

"Five towns' lights go on and off,
And on and off, and on again. . . ."

This could be prolonged in the same strain indefinitely. Alternatively, it would make an admirable refrain to a poem of the reader's own composition.

The standard of *The Times* is disappointing for so great a newspaper. I can make nothing of the pedestrian flatness of:

"Supply of building materials:
Proposals to Minister."

Neither does the theme seem intrinsically poetic. In the *Manchester Guardian*, however, an occasional note of not untuneful melancholy can be detected, as for instance in:

"Sea winds sweep the silver from holiday pockets"

or, on a particularly poignant note:

"Middlesex floating vote may have floated already."

But the *Guardian* school has the serious failing of being a little too frequently derivative. The line:

"Concrete and wires where late the sweet birds sang"

can hardly be called anything less than plagiarism. Not that the *Guardian* is altogether alone in this weakness. The *Daily Express* ought perhaps to have acknowledged a debt when asking—of the Egyptian Ambassador—

"Will he, won't he, will he, won't he, will he pack his bags?"

But one could go on wandering indefinitely in the garden of the daily Muse. There is just one point that ought perhaps to be made in conclusion, and that is that there is no need for anybody to be stumped by the question, "Where shall we find the poets of the New Elizabethan Age?" The imposing façades around Fleet Street conceal nest upon nest of singing birds.

JOHN R. TOWNSEND

The Arts and Entertainment

CONVENTIONAL COMEDIES

LAST week the theatre offered us two sentimental comedies, one American of the nineteen-fifties, the other English of the fifteen-nineties; *Red Letter Day*, by the author of *Third Person*, (with Fay Compton, at the Garrick) and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, by the author of *Twelfth Night* (presented by the Bristol Old Vic under Denis Carey at the Waterloo Road). The distance of time that divides one from the other will tend to over-emphasise the difference between them; yet what they have in common is quite considerable. Each is the product less of an individual author than of the common fictional stock of their particular times. For who would ever have guessed at the first showing of *Two Gentlemen* that its author would climb out of the general ruck of authorship and produce within three years *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard II* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*: or who could say for certain that within three years Mr. Rosenthal won't have produced his *Merchant of Venice* or *Much Ado*? Then, each playwright uses only the conventional fiction properties of his period and treats them only in the contemporary conventional way. Naturally the fictional properties of the two periods are different. In mid-sixteenth century England young men sigh over their mistresses in conventional verse, while their servants make bad pun after bad pun. In mid-twentieth century New York, middle-aged women sigh over their lost youth, while their friends gather to taunt them with bitchy wise-cracks. But both sets of characters are mere conventional properties.

None the less each play has a mild interest (though only a mild one) because each of the young authors has a distinct talent for stagecraft and can dispose his conventional material in theatrically effective scenes, though neither can as yet sustain a whole play. Each gives his actors a chance to display only conventional technical competence, though here again the specific requirements differ. The Elizabethan demands from his actors elegance of carriage and deportment, and a musical delivery; the American demands from his the trick of projecting charm, and skill in timing. The producer of each play has a similar problem; for neither piece is being played before the audience for which it was originally written. So each producer has to invent a kind of fake convention to trick the different public. *Red Letter Day* was presumably written for sophisticated New Yorkers, but Mr. Murray Macdonald has to get it over to Welfare State Londoners. At first sight this must have presented difficulties, for the central situation is rooted in that uniquely American sociological phenomenon, the American matriarchal woman who does not easily transfer to Woking or Sunningdale.

The day the play opens is Lora Sutherland's fiftieth birthday. Her old school friends are gathered to rub the fact in, and her family are assembled to ease her over this climacteric. Thus the stage is set for a display of hard *New Yorkery* humour, and Mr. Murray Macdonald leaves us some of that—there is a ghoulish telephone conversation when Lora Sutherland wants to rally her old lovers and finds one is dead and the other deaf. But Miss Fay Compton could hardly persuade us that she is a plated, enamelled, American woman, and Mr. Macdonald solves his problem by going all out for the Dodie Smith theme below the surface. Many women of whatever country renounce their youth with difficulty: are jealous of their eldest son's pretty young wife: learn with not unmixed pleasure that they will soon be grandmothers: deceive themselves into thinking that they are the attraction for their daughter's young men. And if all these discoveries arrive for a woman on the same day, and she learns as well that she is in danger of losing

her husband, she might even suffer a change of heart, forgive, forget and be forgiven.

A cosy English family play, then, that is Mr. Macdonald's solution, and even if it is set in America, they needn't talk or act American. And if the discrepancies stick out a bit too much, it all the same comes off nearly enough to succeed with a not too critical audience. Miss Fay Compton brings all the technical assurance to bear, and Mr. Hugh Williams projects oceans of charm, and there is a pleasant English young couple in Miss Elizabeth Henson and Mr. Terence Longdon, and Jimmy Verner is a likeable prep-school boy uniting his divided parents, and Miss Nora Swinburne gives a nice performance as the *raisonneuse*, and Miss Dorothy Dickson not too obtrusively represents the bitchy school friends.

The producer's problem with *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is to persuade the audience into accepting, because it is by Shakespeare, a piece of conventional juvenile journey, work which they might well think it hardly worth sitting through without that signature. How completely Mr. Denis Carey succeeds with the Bristol Old Vic is shown by the applause of a crowded house. The trick, of course, is not so difficult nowadays. On the one hand there is an eager audience; on the other we have built up a tradition of presenting Shakespeare with taste, elegance and spirit. Mr. Carey's production is an excellent example of this tradition; it is conducted with grace and charm; all the invented business is apposite and in proportion; the company, which has no weak links, speak clearly and musically, and move with dignity and elegance. Mr. Hutchinson Scott's dresses are pretty against a rather unsuggestive set. My only two criticisms of a most creditable presentation are, first, that perhaps the play was played for rather more than it was worth, and so felt at times a little heavy in the hand and a little slow. Then, there is the question of the music. G.B.S., it will be remembered in his notice of a Victorian production of the play opened:

> The piece founded by Augustin Daly on Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, is not exactly a comic opera, though there is plenty of music in it.

There is plenty of music in Mr. Carey's production too and he liberally imports songs from other plays to eke out the single one his librettist supplies him with. But it is doubtless with his tongue in his cheek—for he will of course know the Shaw passage—that he copies from Daly another piece of production which drew this comment from Shaw:

> In the forest scene the outlaws begin the act by a chorus. After their encounter with Valentine they go off the stage singing the refrain exactly in the style of *La Fille de Madame Angot*. The wanton absurdity of introducing this comic opera convention . . .

Miss Pamela Alan, a young actress of great vivacity and strength, works hard as Julia. Mr. Laurence Payne carries himself excellently as the more sinister of the Gentlemen (though I wish he wouldn't clip the constantly recurring word, love, so that it reaches us as "luf"). Mr. John Neville as the other Gentleman has a rich strong voice which will stand him in good stead when he has it more surely under control: he cannot put on any pace yet. Mr. Michael Aldridge, as Launce, was a delightfully fresh Shakespearean clown.

T. C. Worsley

THE MOVIES

"Murder in the Cathedral," at the Academy
"The Card," at the Odeon

The devout need not worry. This film has Mr. Eliot's blessing. Further, it has Mr. Eliot himself, in voice at any rate—and very good voice—as the Fourth Tempter. His collaboration has produced also a new introductory scene, in which Becket confronts King, barons and bishops before going into his seven-year exile, and some critical observations: "It has struck me . . . that the technique of the film can do with the spoken word, and probably will do, something of the same thing to direct the audience's ears, that we have seen it do for the audience's eyes." I remembered . . . that one or two speeches in *Henry V* to which I had never given special attention in reading or at stage performances, emerged with a fresh and startling beauty and importance. In other words, the producer has it within his power to teach the audience how to listen, as well as to teach it how to see. This is of especial importance for poetic drama." In such drama "the visual element must support the words, without distracting attention from them, without subordinating words to pictures, and without imposing upon the spectator a double effort of attention"; and the application of these principles has brought Mr. Eliot the satisfaction of finding that his words gain rather than lose on the screen.

Then *Murder in the Cathedral* makes a remarkable film? Undoubtedly. Words and a gravity of this order don't often come our way in the cinema. Faithfully, zealously, and even brilliantly, Mr. George Hoellering has shaped, almost chiselled, his film to his author's intention. The startled horses of *Hortobagy* have been with the years miraculously tamed. No wild neigh escapes him now; the height of ecstasy is reached with the calm contemplation of a gargoyle. Choruses slowly come and go; windows, stairs, altar, enshrine the monologues of Becket, and at rare moments the sea will impart a voyage, the clouds fate approaching; he is accused, upheld, archiepiscopally tempted, surrounded, and at last struck down. Father John Groser, attended by expert professional actors, not only looks but triumphantly is Becket. And the camera has notably, if at times with unavoidable tedium, emphasised the deliberations of Mr. Eliot's theme.

Yet, though I can't see how in any important degree, *Murder in the Cathedral* could have been achieved better, the film doesn't wholly come off. The speeches are too long, the movements too snail-like, the action too deliberately withheld. I am not, I must confess, spell-bound by Mr. Eliot's classicism in the theatre: on the screen it finds me more than reluctant. *Murder in the Cathedral* seemed, throughout its two and a quarter hours, terribly extended. There is the silver voice, as there was in *Hamlet* the golden; but words, words, words—in the cinema, *pace* Eliot and Hoellering, they just don't enough tell.

The same afternoon saw me, less impressed but, reprehensibly, enjoying myself far more, at another English adaptation: Arnold Bennett's *The Card*. It makes a joyously natural movie; that at least is its impression, though much is owed to the guile of Mr. Alec Guiness and of Messrs. Eric Ambler and Ronald Neame, who wrote the script and directed. The gradual unmasking of Mr. Guinness has been one of the few continuous delights of our English cinema during the last few years; and here he throws off further disguises and restraints (apparently) to emerge as a washerwoman's son for whom in a very short while a fortune and the mayoral chain are unavoidable. Some of the steps, or bounces, in this career are very funny indeed: especially the winning of the Countess at the ball, the adventures with a stray furniture van, and the donkey-cart stampede in face of the town band. Love attachments, with a rather thin working out, are provided by Glynis Johns, Valerie Hobson and Petula Clark.

William Whitebait

RADIO NOTES

The changing concept of war, in itself a subject awaiting treatment, was illustrated quite by chance last week in very dissimilar programmes. *The Muse of Fire* was a study, by Patric Dickinson, of the three poets Rupert Brooke, Edward Thomas and Wilfred Owen in relation to the War that in differing ways impelled them into poetry before it destroyed them. This was a skilful and very well illustrated analysis, particularly good on Brooke, who, the earliest to die, the most deceived and the most "popular", lends himself most to critical speculation. (The reputation of Thomas, for other reasons, has also suffered from the sentimental myth; the originality of his bitter poems with their ranging speech rhythm has hardly yet been recognised.) But most striking was the reminder that Yeats was not alone in his stricture on war poems ("passive suffering," he strangely wrote, "is not a theme for poetry"); that new Brookes and not new Owens were wanted in 1939. In strong contrast was the *Portrait* setting of the old warfare—a magnificent theme, treated perhaps over-simply. Certainly a programme on this extraordinary man, with Christopher Sykes as author and producer and Cecil Trouncer as chief actor, could not fail to be of more than usual interest. Yet, if the portrait seemed a surface one, episodic, vivid but slight, it may be that this was the just approach. The Duke, as Mr. Sykes pointed out, resisted his legend, but he could not defeat it. And the truth becomes apparent that the professional soldier, like the actor (generally speaking), tends not to have a private personality waiting for discovery beneath the public one.

Perhaps under the War heading should come a piece called *The Occupying Power*—one of those curiosities, we can only suppose, that creep in (even to the Third Programme) for a reason that is not that of art or edification. Dressed in an emotional verse-prose, it was about a family of nice Germans (Mamma, Trudi, Ilse, Hans) who bribe an English Major (oddly called Barney Bernhard) to take them from the Russian to the British zone. This caddish character, who is, still more oddly, an "R.A.M.C. psychiatrist," and an ex-agent (narrator tells us) of a certain political party, is naturally not reliable; and after some crude half-comedy at the expense of the boorish Occupiers, Mamma, Trudi, Ilse and the rest are put up against a wall and shot. From the fairly free standpoint of a writer, one did not envy the producer whose task it was to put over this sick and nasty stuff, nor the actors who had to plough through the sentimental vulgarity of the lines. The sad thing is that if compassion and not hate were the author's motive, there is all too much real material for tragedy in the same setting.

On Friday mornings lately I have been listening with interest to one of the many enterprising Schools productions—a weekly series of illustrated talks for Six Forms called *The Moderns*. So far I have heard Henry Treece on Poetry, Christopher Fry on Drama and Walter Allen on the Novel. Directed at some of the sharpest critical listeners in the kingdom, these bold and stimulating talks have managed to avoid one of the real dangers of sophisticated criticism in this context—the sweeping away of older works before the young audience has had its own time to consider them. Next week, Stravinsky; later (on Art), the Impressionists and their successors.

Two daytime talks deserve mention for their quality: one, an account of her work (in Woman's Hour) by the Matron of Middlesex Hospital; the other, *Exploring London* by Millicent Rose. I hope, however, that anyone new to *Wuthering Heights* has not been listening to *A Book at Bedtime*, though failure with this work I should not have thought possible. The fact that it was read by a man when the tale is told almost entirely by a woman is a disability, true; but it should not matter too much in a sensitive reading. But this actor had also the ill-luck to select for his basic voice a kind of stage North Country, which drowned all range of expression. Thus, Nelly Dean, who has one of the best narratives of any character in prose fiction, was made to tell her story in a voice that evoked only a dampened picture of Mr. Wilfred Pickles.

Naomi Lewis

Nicolas de Stäel, at Matthiesen's

Nicolas de Stäel is one of the best-known Paris abstract painters, and anyone who has any feeling for the quality of paint and the mysteriously effective relationship of colours and shapes will be thrilled by some of these pictures, particularly the very large ones. The rough texture of the thick paint dividing and diffusing the light like an invisible, very fine gauze; the carefully chosen range of colours each leading to the next, so that together they form a circuit with a current jumping between them; the arrangement of shapes implying an energy capable of preserving their particular equilibrium under greater

pressure than any of their surroundings could possibly withstand; the illusion of space without scale or landmark—these are some of the sources of one's immediate excitement. But afterwards, away from the paintings, one cannot really remember at all precisely either the cause or conclusion of this excitement. It then hardly seems to be an experience—from which deductions are drawn; but rather, a sensation, as impossible to remember precisely as any sensation without a context. And that is surely the problem: the context of a painting, which derives from a subject, is that part of the spectator's previous experience which the painting simultaneously recalls and modifies. The context of a piece of architecture is its function. Look at the large *Landscape*, and notice how the introduction of even a vague subject immediately gives the picture the power to implicate the spectator within its drama. Also, look at the very large and impressive abstract canvas (No. 13) and imagine how in an architectural setting its strength and elegance would somehow cease to be mere ideas and would become *facts*. The question of figurative or non-figurative art is a question of deciding whether a work is to re-create or create an experience. If it is to create, it must do so in a setting whose purpose can amplify its purely abstract meaning. J. B.

Pippa Passes, at the St. Martins

Browning's "drama" has certain qualities which the Apollo Society's reading should have brought out. It possesses a coherent shape, which is always a help to the ear, and this would have been more obvious with severe cutting. There is also a fragile lyrical strain that comes through pleasantly in Pippa's songs: these should have been set to music and sung, not recited. But the verse is crusty and diffuse, or so it appears to-day: we have lost the trick of sentiment—at any rate, most of the readers did not manage to speak it as if they meant it. The great pleasure of the evening was Miss Barbara Jefford's reading of Pippa. Miss Jefford possesses a very acute ear, splendidly crisp diction, and a marvellous sense of timing. She end-stopped the lines with great subtlety, tackled the sporty colloquialisms bravely, and did not shirk Browning's hammering rhymes. Her interpretation was free from fuss: she was able to convey emotion entirely in the words of the poem. She completely avoided the hideous false resonance which is the chief mark of the poetry-reading voice. Otherwise, only Miss Margaret Rawlings, as Ottima, and Mr. Carleton Hobbs, as Monsignor, were as good as the verse would let them be.

In between the scenes Mewton-Wood played piano pieces by Liszt and Busoni. This is customary at recitals of the Apollo Society. "The members of the Society believe that in reviving the neglected art of reading poetry, music may be set with it in sisterly union and that by so doing each may be enriched." In that case, it seems a pity that something was not done this time with Pippa's songs, a palpable opportunity. P. D. S.

Songs and Dances of Spain, at the Stoll Theatre

The most striking effect in this programme of Spanish national dancing is the beauty and variety of the costumes. The dances, with a few exceptions, are much alike in form and step: the circle, the two lines *vis-à-vis*, the couples that weave in and out, back and forth in simple symmetry, are all patterns that may be found in any European national dance. Neither are the steps or rhythms so very complex. The dramatic effect depends on the squealing pipes, the twanging guitar and the gusty voices, that break this steady formula with a strange and moving uncertainty of sound, while red petticoats flash through the jet-encrusted black skirts, or spangled dresses of Oriental splendour dazzle the sight. It is a huge company, with artists from almost every region in Spain, who perform with an inner concentration, as though they were dancing in their own village square, oblivious of the theatre audience. The backcloths enhance this atmosphere, for they are painted with delicate realism: stone arches, stone houses and the stony landscape faint under the brilliant sun. Two of the most effective numbers are *Les Caballets* from Barcelona, where the girls, with shining swords and helmets, wear little white horses round their thighs that prance to the formal combat enchantingly; and *Copeo de Montaña*, from the Balearics, where with red and white poles they weave patterns of great cunning and beauty. It is a pity there are no solo dances, for with the stage continually filled, this show lacks variety, and the short number for one couple came as a relief. The man danced with a sharpness and warmth of personality which immediately dispelled the feeling that we were watching part of a youth movement display. But whatever kind of propaganda may be attached to this national Spanish company, its artistic integrity is unassailable.

A. F.

"See You Again," at the Watergate

This is incomparably the best late-night frolic that Buckingham Street has devised so far. Witty, discursive, as clean as a whistle, its material is novel and eclectic. Sandy Wilson's book and lyrics range from European Federation to Mayfair square-dancing, from the Academy Hanging Committee in conclave to an uproarious parody of *South Pacific*. The author is well served by a talented cast of six, headed by that pearl of dead-pan diseuses, Joan Sterndale Bennett. Whether as the professional great lady adjudicating an amateur performance of *Ghosts* ("Easy on that eye-shadow, Oswald!"), a jolly highbrow (refrain: "I've got a date in Notting Hill Gate!"), or a masochistic spinster thrilled by Gilbert Harding, Miss Bennett's effects are prodigious. Yet her art remains grounded in life and she never quite goes round the hairpin bend where satire becomes fantastication. Eric Berry is equally good as a Godfrey Winnish old-young man or as Hengist, rigged out in cloak and jute helmet, throatily inquiring in Harry Champion style, "Has Anybody Here Seen Horsa?" Only one item, a vocal arrangement of *A Subaltern's Love Song*, fell flat. As the B.B.C. never stops proving, you can do this sort of thing with Housman: Betjeman, no. "The warm-handled racket is back in its press, but my shock-headed victor she loves me no less," does not lend itself to torrential piano accompaniment.

J. N. B. R.

Correspondence

THE SUDAN

SIR,—Having returned from the Sudan a little after Mr. Colin Wills, I would like to add some personal observations to his excellent article in your issue of February 23.

First, the pro-Egyptians in the Sudan have not been slow to point out that Britain's legal position in the Sudan rests on exactly the same set of facts as the Egyptians use to claim the Sudanese crown for Farouk. The Condominium agreement is based on the right of conquest dating from Ismail's expedition in 1820. Therefore, if Britain denies Farouk's right to rule the Sudan she denies her own too. Only an early declaration of independence can solve that dilemma.

Secondly, the country party of which Mr. Wills spoke (the Socialist Republican Party) continues to exacerbate relations between the Administration and the Umma Party. The Umma are convinced that the party was started by the British with the express object of weakening the independence movement. The British do not deny having given advice to certain tribal leaders which led to the foundation of the new party. Whatever the Political Department in Khartoum expected, the actual result has been to weaken the Umma and an atmosphere of great distrust has grown up between the Mahdi's palace and Government House. Sayed Abdel el Rahman told me (in what may have been merely a fit of temper) that the Sudan Government was sapping his political strength in order to pave the way for the recognition of Farouk.

Thirdly, he and other leaders of the independence movement also told me that they were prepared to resist the recognition of Farouk by force. As there will be very few Egyptians about in the Sudan if and when this happens, it must be presumed that the Sudanese anger will be turned against the British and the Sudan Government.

There seems to be a disturbing tendency in Britain now to think that recognition of the Egyptian claim is a small and reasonable price to pay for peace in the Canal Zone. But neither the Egyptians nor the Sudanese believe it is merely the royal *title* which is at issue. In the political terminology of the Middle East a King is a ruler; if Britain agrees to recognise Egyptian sovereignty the Egyptians will demand tangible proof of their "rights" in the Sudan. They will certainly demand a share in the administration, and it has been suggested that they will also demand that the next Governor-General of the Sudan be an Egyptian.

If part or the whole of these additional claims were admitted it would be regarded as an outrage not merely by the articulate supporters of the Umma, but by practically all the Sudanese outside the most obstinately pro-Egyptian elements. I believe, too, that it would lead to the resignation of most of the senior Sudanese and British officials in the Sudan Government.

In other words, it is quite wrong to regard the question of the Sudanese crown as a matter of legal phraseology only—as a pawn which could reasonably be given up to solve a much bigger problem. Recognition would probably create worse problems than it solved. It would also be regarded as treachery by our few remaining friends in the Middle East.

135 Cottenham Park Road, S.W.20 ERIC STENTON

THE QUEEN'S OPPORTUNITY

SIR,—In your issue of February 23, Mr. Michael Howard chooses to make fun of your admirable article, "The Queen's Opportunity," published the previous week.

One doesn't want the Queen to follow any particular set, whether they be London intellectuals or suburban bourgeoisie, but I, personally, would like to see her going about hatless and driving her own car; or, if she has no desire to do so, sitting beside her husband at the wheel or behind him with her children. I would like to know she went shopping

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without a lady-in-waiting and popped into a cinema without all the hullabaloo of a gala performance—I am quite sure there must be many films she would like to see other than those chosen for these "special visits." Also, it would be nice to see her lunching or dining in a public restaurant, and I can see no objection to her smoking a cigarette.

Again, would it not be better that she sent her children to a school where they could mix with other children rather than have them educated in the privacy of their own home?

Also, a very large number of people would like her to relax the ban on divorced people being invited to Buckingham Palace and to have it known that she has no objection to the Duchess of Windsor living in this country or to meeting her privately.

There are many little touches like this that a host of people like myself would welcome. Queen Juliana of Holland has shown herself to be the most democratic of monarchs and I am sure lots of people would like our own Queen to follow her example where possible. G. F.

SIR,—Your correspondent, T. Paulus Law, suggests that in "The Queen's Opportunity," you should have restricted yourself to castigation of England's "gutter press." I heartily agree about the latter, but find, on the problem of discrimination, that no more than two or three journals lie outside the class commonly understood as "gutter press."

The great majority of the British press has never sunk so low as during the sober ten days experienced prior to the late King's funeral. The disgusting taste of leading (!) newspapers in their photographic displays of the Queen and her family's intimate emotions revolted all decent people. These recurring photos were the talk of people of all politics. Several whom I know refused to open their daily paper after a day or two.

Your correspondent has no cause to be hypercritical towards THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION which, to my mind, was at least decent and honest.

Jack's Farm, GEORGE J. HALL
Combs, Stowmarket, Suffolk.

KOREA

SIR,—Controversy as to whether South Korea or North Korea was the "aggressor" is now, as you have said, unprofitable. Indeed, the whole question of "defining aggression" is unprofitable, first, because it suggests that one side is wholly right and the other side wholly wrong, which is rarely the case; and, secondly, because in the absence of any impartial body able to adjudicate on alleged "aggression" the word becomes a mere term of abuse open to use by both contestants.

The United Nations Resolutions of June, 1950, were based upon "breach of the peace"—a more realistic, less pejorative conception. If it is desired to assess the major responsibility for the manifold tragedies of Korea, this can be done in a more simple way. Ask only why it was right for the North Koreans and those supporting them to reject the U.N. appeal for a cessation of hostilities on the 38th Parallel in June, 1950, when it was right for them to respond to the *same* appeal made by Mr. Malik in June, 1951? W. HARVEY MOORE

SIR,—Few will dispute your contention in the last issue of the *N.S. & N.* that there is need for maximum unity among those who are working for peace. You seem, however, in deprecating "controversies on the secondary issue of the origin of the Korean War," to overlook the fact that by doing so we may be making the task more difficult.

One of the main obstacles to a peaceful settlement is the belief of many sincere people that the N. Koreans and the Chinese were rightly branded as aggressors. If, as you say, the facts were not properly investigated by U.N. in 1950, why should we continue to encourage that belief? If we want to enlist the support of such people, we can only do so by showing them that the very obscurity of the facts makes their belief groundless.

The least we can do in the interests of the Koreans, the Chinese and ourselves is to withdraw British support for the branding resolutions, to propose the admission of China to the Security Council and to call a meeting of that organ to deal with the whole Far Eastern question.

Edinburgh, 9. D. M. MACKINNON

[The cases of Korea and China must be distinguished. In the first, though the United Nations made no adequate investigation, the evidence seemed to point to what we have termed "provoked aggression" by North Korea. China, on the other hand, gave repeated warnings that Peking would take steps of self-defence if MacArthur advanced to the Yalu river; the legitimate limit of U.N. commitment was advance to the 38th Parallel, and MacArthur's threats of invasion of China proper from Formosa could not have been ignored by any sovereign Power. The immediate object of policy was, therefore, to unite as many people as possible to prevent the world catastrophe of war with China. To have made an issue of the origin of the Korean War would have automatically excluded the Labour Party since the British Government was committed; the agitation would have been confined to a small minority of pacifists and professional Leftists. By all means let us fully investigate the obscure events of June, 1950, but the primary objects of policy should remain: (1) A speedy truce in Korea; (2) Peace in the Far East, which still involves the recognition of Formosa as part of China proper and U.N. acceptance of Peking.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

U.S. ELECTIONS

SIR,—The tangled skein of American politics, particularly in a Presidential election year, must be pretty hard for strangers to unravel.

One key to understanding us is to realise that our party organisation is rooted in the 48 States. Each State organisation is pretty much a law unto itself, and the National Committee of each party is more or less a loose federation without direct power to intervene at the State level. State party organisations elect Senators and Congressmen. State party organisations control the votes of delegates to the national conventions. Presidential campaigns within States are under the direction of State organisations, with hardly more than a bow to the national organisation which serves the one purpose of handing out the national party funds. Control of State organisations therefore means control of the party nationally.

This explains why President Truman decided to enter the New Hampshire primaries. His was not a general decision to oppose Kefauver. He made it because if Kefauver were to be the only candidate supported by the New Hampshire Democrats, his men would be the ones to take over the State party offices. Truman is running so that Truman men can keep control of the party organisation in the State. The same motive impelled the Truman forces to move in horse, foot, and dragoons to take control of the California organisation away from Jimmy Roosevelt who had the temerity four years ago to suggest that Truman step aside for Eisenhower. For the same reason Senator Kerr is running in Oklahoma against Kefauver, Kerr being Truman's front man here.

Only fifteen States have Presidential primaries. They vary in their influence on the final choice. In 1932 Franklin Roosevelt avoided primary fights, and, where he did enter, was soundly beaten. Dewey made a good showing in the primaries of 1940, but lost the nomination to Willkie. He did badly in all the primaries, except Oregon, in 1948, but got the nomination.

Some have raised the idea that there should be some form of national primary for President. I should say it is an unlikely development, for the one reason that no single candidate for the nomination could possibly raise the money for such a trial of strength. The only exception might be a President running for renomination who could call to his aid those on the Federal payroll. The dangers of this are obvious.

300 West 53rd St., N.W. FRANK KINGDON

IDENTITY CARDS

SIR,—What joy to have been set free from identity cards! After our recent marriage my wife took her (British) passport to the Passport Office in order to have her name on it changed to mine. For this journey she armed herself with my own (British) passport, our marriage certificate, photographs, and all other documents she could lay her hands on. She was sent back with an application form for a new passport and with the information that because identity cards had been abolished she would have to have the form countersigned by "a qualified recommender or witness," and—final absurdity—the photograph must be endorsed as a "representative likeness" by the same "recommender." If the passport official is unable to judge the correctness of documents or the likeness of photographs, how then can he be sure that we are confronting him in the flesh? Should we not also obtain a doctor's certificate attesting that we are alive; or, at least, that we have never before departed this vale of miserable bureaucracy?

London, N.W.3. E. G. SEMLER

THE PRIMARY SCHOOL

SIR,—Your correspondents C. S. and C. S. Orwin and the Bishop of Peterborough are correct in saying that the building of Board Schools was delayed until 1870. They seem unaware, however, that the delay was directly due to sectarian rivalry added to national parsimony. It was in 1858 that the Newcastle Commission was appointed as a result of the patent failure of the voluntary systems to teach more than a fraction of the children; but it took twelve years to induce the religious politicians to reach any sort of compromise. As Forster himself sadly remarked, "The religious difficulty is a most formidable difficulty in Parliament, but a very small one as between the parent of the child and the schoolmaster, and still smaller between the schoolmaster and the child"—power-politics, in fact, not education.

As between different types of bigotry, I am not concerned here to take sides; Dissenters could be every whit as bad as Anglicans. But as a matter of historic fact, I think there can be little doubt that the Church "began it"—possibly in 1805, when the good Mrs. Trimmer delivered her violent attack on the Lancastrian schools. The claim of the Church to *dominate* education is surely an established fact of the first two-thirds, at least, of the nineteenth century. Nor, though I accept the sincere fanaticism of Charlotte Yonge's ladies—as I do that of Lloyd George and the Welsh resisters in this century—can I accept the description of it as a devotion to Christianity. It was a devotion to *Anglicanism*: those whom the ladies fought "like tigers" were not atheists or Mohammedans, but Christians of a different persuasion. I agree, of course, that the edge of controversy has been blunted recently, but we were talking about the history of education, as a result of which the Church Schools now offered to L.E.A.s tend to be of the standards pilloried in Mr. Davidson's article of February 9.

About "standards," I should hesitate to be dogmatic. It all depends with what you are comparing the Church schools—with dame schools, or with New Lanark. I doubt very much that all the Church schools were "up to the standards of their time"—they were certainly not up to the standards of those built by the London School Board. They do still stand up, alas, so far as their fabric is concerned—as do many other specimens of mid-Victorian building which should have perished long ago. But if I am asked to give honour for primary education, I will give it to Robert Owen, Rowland Hill, and the nursery school pioneers—even to Brougham—rather than to the sectaries. MARGARET I. COLE

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THE HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—What appears to have been overlooked in the drafting of the Bill for dental work is the fact that it will subsidise people who neglect their teeth.

In my own practice, for example, we have educated our patients to attend regularly, every six months, and after the first initial visit, the general rule is that there is little more than an occasional filling and scaling to be done. The cost of this treatment is under £2. Now, if people neglect their treatment and require a great deal of attention, the cost of which may be £5 or £8, they are still only charged £1.

The fact is that even without the charge dentists' earnings have fallen considerably, and it is a sign of the times that in the *British Dental Journal* there are as many dentists advertising for posts as assistants as there are people inquiring for assistants. A colleague of mine further informs me that applications for posts in the school dental service are already forthcoming.

On the positive side, I am the visiting dentist to a large emporium. Before the introduction of the scheme it was quite noticeable that most new girls between the ages of 15 and 20 years had completely neglected their mouths. Since the introduction of the scheme the change is absolutely remarkable, and if free dental service had done nothing more than educate people at this vital period, it must be accounted a great success.

ANOTHER DENTAL SURGEON

KASHMIR

SIR,—It is a matter of some regret to Pakistanis that you have not been able to see your way to comment on the Kashmir issue with that objectivity which has been a feature of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in its comments on most international subjects. In your article on Kashmir, "No Settlement Wanted," you say that Pakistan does not want a settlement in Kashmir. This is contradicted by facts. At every stage in the negotiations on Kashmir, Pakistan has accepted the proposals of the various representatives of the Security Council who have been charged with bringing about a settlement. India, on the other hand, has consistently frustrated all their efforts by her negative attitude.

Sir Owen Dixon, for instance, reported to the Security Council that despite his efforts he saw no prospect of his arriving at a stage where India would be willing to give its consent to any arrangement which would lead to such demilitarisation in Kashmir as would make possible the holding of a fair and impartial plebiscite.

It was Pakistan that accepted the joint recommendation of Mr. Attlee, then Prime Minister, and President Truman, to agree to arbitration. India rejected it. Again, during the Commonwealth Prime Minister's Conference, held in London in January last year, Pakistan accepted each one of the three successive demilitarisation proposals made to her and India. India rejected them all.

Pakistan has repeatedly offered to abide by the decision of an arbitrator on points of difference. India has said "no" to arbitration although Article 51 of its Constitution provides that the State shall encourage settlement of international disputes through arbitration. It is, therefore, difficult to see how you can say that Pakistan does not want a settlement in the Kashmir issue. If it did not want a settlement it would not agree to leave the decision on points of disagreement between the two countries to arbitration.

I have not known the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to refuse to face a problem, even though it may seem intractable. For you, therefore, to advocate that in Kashmir "the best solution is no solution" is, indeed, astonishing.

SALMAN A. ALI
Press Attaché
High Commission for Pakistan,
35 Lowndes Square,
London, S.W.1.

[We did not argue that Pakistan was obstructing a settlement but that it was really in the interests of both Pakistan and India to leave comparatively well alone.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE LAND BUDGET

SIR,—We inhabitants of the Snowdonia National Park welcome Dr. Joad's exposure of its threatened electrocution. As this monstrous scheme was presented to us its horrors were skilfully minimised; for example, the number and enormous size of the proposed power houses (which we were told were to be designed by the most skilful architects), while every effort was made to dazzle us by the prospect of getting the light itself. Then, as the promoters were gradually obliged to unfold the scheme, we realised, bit by bit, the many consequences so well listed by Dr. Joad. We had no electricity because of shortage of materials, labour and finance, but these would be made still more scarce by the vast demands made by the generating scheme which was incidentally to be the death of our valleys and streams. Again it was slowly admitted by the promoters that there could really "be no money for frills" such as architecture, the use of native stone in place of concrete, for burying pipes and cables or indeed for any gestures towards grace. Mr. Richard Hughes in his epilogue to "Headlong Down the Years" (a little tale in the manner of Peacock in which we have commented on the matter) says: "The scheme makes a monkey of the National Parks act. . . . The area which it is proposed to devastate is not for us a remote holiday corner, it is where we live. . . . When we lift up our eyes unto our hills we shall see leats, pipe-lines, power houses, concrete, spoil-heaps, deserted farms, but if we want electricity we shall have to crank up the old petrol engine as we do to-day. . . . It is necessary that Parliament should realise what they are doing if they put through this scheme. They will be sowing in Wales seeds of hatred where to-day there is no hatred."

CLOUGH AND AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS
Portmeirion, Merioneth.

SIR,—Few of your readers will disagree with the sentiments expressed by Dr. Joad in his article "Land Budget." He is indeed performing a major public service in drawing attention to the alarming rate at which farm land is being increasingly used for purposes other than food growing. To the list of misuses of land that Dr. Joad mentions might be added the grotesque practice of building small separate houses each standing on its own plot of land.

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Dr. Joad names an impressive list of people and organisations whom he thinks require unspoilt mountain scenery as a safety valve and who would therefore be expected to oppose the electrification. A remarkable omission from this list is the N. Welsh people themselves.

As I write, I have before me a leaflet giving the date (July 2, 1950) and other details, in both languages, of a meeting at Nant Gwynant whose purpose was to oppose the electrification. A stone was duly set up to commemorate the meeting. Within a week the stone was smashed by some agency unknown. This incident suggests that there was, at least someone in favour of the electrification.

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Surely, Sir, your readers will not wish to stand in the way of improving the lot of these villagers and townsfolk, even at the cost of transforming (though not, I think, on the scale Dr. Joad envisages) the Welsh scene.

May I, with the utmost humility, suggest that next time Dr. Joad pays his electricity bill he multiplies the sum nine times, pays the due amount to the Electricity Authority, and the balance, 8/9 of the product, to some deserving charity, preferably not a Fund for Fighting the Electrification of N. Wales.

PETER MAXWELL BASSETT
26 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

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SIR,—Critic may like to know also the following lines, which, as I am informed by my brother, occurred in a sheet sold in the London streets after the death of Queen Victoria:—

Dust to dust; ashes to ashes;
Into the tomb the good Queen dashes.

MICHAEL DERRICK
199 Park West,
London, W.2.

TURNSTILE THERAPY

SIR,—I wonder whether readers would care to send copies of NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to patients at a hospital where I am employed as a psychiatric nurse?

There is a great scarcity of worthy reading matter in all wards. Suitable publications such as yours have a very real rehabilitative effect upon patients.

(MRS.) F. J. OUGHTON
"Quest" Lyndhurst,
Green Street, Shenley,
Nr. St. Albans, Herts.

THE WRONG PUBLISHER

SIR,—We notice that the review of B. Ifor Evans's *The Language of Shakespeare's Plays* which appears in last week's issue attributes the publication of this book to Messrs. Macmillan. We should be grateful if it could be stated in your columns that the book is published by Methuen.

J. MASSEY,
Publicity Manager,
Methuen & Co., Ltd.
36 Essex Street, Strand,
London, W.C.2.

In these times of swiftly moving events it is hard to follow and remember all the important occurrences which make up the history of our day, still more difficult to recall even the approximate date of a certain happening.

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KEESING'S is absolutely objective, comprehensive and always up-to-date through the addition of a fresh bulletin each Friday, ready for filing in the book-like Binder. *Let it save you much frantic search and reduce your reading by many hours every week while building up your own authentic diary of our epoch.*

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without a lady-in-waiting and popped into a cinema without all the hullabaloo of a gala performance—I am quite sure there must be many films she would like to see other than those chosen for these "special visits." Also, it would be nice to see her lunching or dining in a public restaurant, and I can see no objection to her smoking a cigarette.

Again, would it not be better that she sent her children to a school where they could mix with other children rather than have them educated in the privacy of their own home?

Also, a very large number of people would like her to relax the ban on divorced people being invited to Buckingham Palace and to have it known that she has no objection to the Duchess of Windsor living in this country or to meeting her privately.

There are many little touches like this that a host of people like myself would welcome. Queen Juliana of Holland has shown herself to be the most democratic of monarchs and I am sure lots of people would like our own Queen to follow her example where possible. G. F.

SIR,—Your correspondent, T. Paulus Law, suggests that in "The Queen's Opportunity," you should have restricted yourself to castigation of England's "gutter press." I heartily agree about the latter, but find, on the problem of discrimination, that no more than two or three journals lie outside the class commonly understood as "gutter press."

The great majority of the British press has never sunk so low as during the sober ten days experienced prior to the late King's funeral. The disgusting taste of leading (!) newspapers in their photographic displays of the Queen and her family's intimate emotions revolted all decent people. These recurring photos were the talk of people of all politics. Several whom I know refused to open their daily paper after a day or two.

Your correspondent has no cause to be hypercritical towards THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION which, to my mind, was at least decent and honest.

Jack's Farm, GEORGE J. HALL
Combs, Stowmarket, Suffolk.

KOREA

SIR,—Controversy as to whether South Korea or North Korea was the "aggressor" is now, as you have said, unprofitable. Indeed, the whole question of "defining aggression" is unprofitable, first, because it suggests that one side is wholly right and the other side wholly wrong, which is rarely the case; and, secondly, because in the absence of any impartial body able to adjudicate on alleged "aggression" the word becomes a mere term of abuse open to use by both contestants.

The United Nations Resolutions of June, 1950, were based upon "breach of the peace"—a more realistic, less pejorative conception. If it is desired to assess the major responsibility for the manifold tragedies of Korea, this can be done in a more simple way. Ask only why it was right for the North Koreans and those supporting them to reject the U.N. appeal for a cessation of hostilities on the 38th Parallel in June, 1950, when it was right for them to respond to the *same* appeal made by Mr. Malik in June, 1951? W. HARVEY MOORE

SIR,—Few will dispute your contention in the last issue of the *N.S. & N.* that there is need for maximum unity among those who are working for peace. You seem, however, in deprecating "controversies on the secondary issue of the origin of the Korean War," to overlook the fact that by doing so we may be making the task more difficult.

One of the main obstacles to a peaceful settlement is the belief of many sincere people that the N. Koreans and the Chinese were rightly branded as aggressors. If, as you say, the facts were not properly investigated by U.N. in 1950, why should we continue to encourage that belief? If we want to enlist the support of such people, we can only do so by showing them that the very obscurity of the facts makes their belief groundless.

The least we can do in the interests of the Koreans, the Chinese and ourselves is to withdraw British support for the branding resolutions, to propose the admission of China to the Security Council and to call a meeting of that organ to deal with the whole Far Eastern question.

Edinburgh, 9. D. M. MACKINNON

[The cases of Korea and China must be distinguished. In the first, though the United Nations made no adequate investigation, the evidence seemed to point to what we have termed "provoked aggression" by North Korea. China, on the other hand, gave repeated warnings that Peking would take steps of self-defence if MacArthur advanced to the Yalu river; the legitimate limit of U.N. commitment was advance to the 38th Parallel, and MacArthur's threats of invasion of China proper from Formosa could not have been ignored by any sovereign Power. The immediate object of policy was, therefore, to unite as many people as possible to prevent the world catastrophe of war with China. To have made an issue of the origin of the Korean War would have automatically excluded the Labour Party since the British Government was committed; the agitation would have been confined to a small minority of pacifists and professional Leftists. By all means let us fully investigate the obscure events of June, 1950, but the primary objects of policy should remain: (1) A speedy truce in Korea; (2) Peace in the Far East, which still involves the recognition of Formosa as part of China proper and U.N. acceptance of Peking.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

U.S. ELECTIONS

SIR,—The tangled skein of American politics, particularly in a Presidential election year, must be pretty hard for strangers to unravel.

One key to understanding us is to realise that our party organisation is rooted in the 48 States. Each State organisation is pretty much a law unto itself, and the National Committee of each party is more or less a loose federation without direct power to intervene at the State level. State party organisations elect Senators and Congressmen. State party organisations control the votes of delegates to the national conventions. Presidential campaigns within States are under the direction of State organisations, with hardly more than a bow to the national organisation which serves the one purpose of handing out the national party funds. Control of State organisations therefore means control of the party nationally.

This explains why President Truman decided to enter the New Hampshire primaries. His was not a general decision to oppose Kefauver. He made it because if Kefauver were to be the only candidate supported by the New Hampshire Democrats, his men would be the ones to take over the State party offices. Truman is running so that Truman men can keep control of the party organisation in the State. The same motive impelled the Truman forces to move in horse, foot, and dragoons to take control of the California organisation away from Jimmy Roosevelt who had the temerity four years ago to suggest that Truman step aside for Eisenhower. For the same reason Senator Kerr is running in Oklahoma against Kefauver, Kerr being Truman's front man here.

Only fifteen States have Presidential primaries. They vary in their influence on the final choice. In 1932 Franklin Roosevelt avoided primary fights, and, where he did enter, was soundly beaten. Dewey made a good showing in the primaries of 1940, but lost the nomination to Willkie. He did badly in all the primaries, except Oregon, in 1948, but got the nomination.

Some have raised the idea that there should be some form of national primary for President. I should say it is an unlikely development, for the one reason that no single candidate for the nomination could possibly raise the money for such a trial of strength. The only exception might be a President running for renomination who could call to his aid those on the Federal payroll. The dangers of this are obvious.

300 West 53rd St., N.W. FRANK KINGDON

IDENTITY CARDS

SIR,—What joy to have been set free from identity cards! After our recent marriage my wife took her (British) passport to the Passport Office in order to have her name on it changed to mine. For this journey she armed herself with my own (British) passport, our marriage certificate, photographs, and all other documents she could lay her hands on. She was sent back with an application form for a new passport and with the information that because identity cards had been abolished she would have to have the form countersigned by "a qualified recommender or witness," and—final absurdity—the photograph must be endorsed as a "representative likeness" by the same "recommender." If the passport official is unable to judge the correctness of documents or the likeness of photographs, how then can he be sure that we are confronting him in the flesh? Should we not also obtain a doctor's certificate attesting that we are alive; or, at least, that we have never before departed this vale of miserable bureaucracy?

London, N.W.3. E. G. SEMLER

THE PRIMARY SCHOOL

SIR,—Your correspondents C. S. and C. S. Orwin and the Bishop of Peterborough are correct in saying that the building of Board Schools was delayed until 1870. They seem unaware, however, that the delay was directly due to sectarian rivalry added to national parsimony. It was in 1858 that the Newcastle Commission was appointed as a result of the patent failure of the voluntary systems to teach more than a fraction of the children; but it took twelve years to induce the religious politicians to reach any sort of compromise. As Forster himself sadly remarked, "The religious difficulty is a most formidable difficulty in Parliament, but a very small one as between the parent of the child and the schoolmaster, and still smaller between the schoolmaster and the child"—power-politics, in fact, not education.

As between different types of bigotry, I am not concerned here to take sides; Dissenters could be every whit as bad as Anglicans. But as a matter of historic fact, I think there can be little doubt that the Church "began it"—possibly in 1805, when the good Mrs. Trimmer delivered her violent attack on the Lancastrian schools. The claim of the Church to *dominate* education is surely an established fact of the first two-thirds, at least, of the nineteenth century. Nor, though I accept the sincere fanaticism of Charlotte Yonge's ladies—as I do that of Lloyd George and the Welsh resisters in this century—can I accept the description of it as a devotion to Christianity. It was a devotion to *Anglicanism*: those whom the ladies fought "like tigers" were not atheists or Mohammedans, but Christians of a different persuasion. I agree, of course, that the edge of controversy has been blunted recently, but we were talking about the history of education, as a result of which the Church Schools now offered to L.E.As tend to be of the standards pilloried in Mr. Davidson's article of February 9.

About "standards," I should hesitate to be dogmatic. It all depends with what you are comparing the Church schools—with dame schools, or with New Lanark. I doubt very much that all the Church schools were "up to the standards of their time"—they were certainly not up to the standards of those built by the London School Board. They do still stand up, alas, so far as their fabric is concerned—as do many other specimens of mid-Victorian building which should have perished long ago. But if I am asked to give honour for primary education, I will give it to Robert Owen, Rowland Hill, and the nursery school pioneers—even to Brougham—rather than to the sectaries. MARGARET I. COLE

74 Holders Hill Road, N.W.4.

FABIAN SOCIETY

Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson, M.P.
on
THE BUDGET
7.30 p.m. Friday, 14th March
Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, W.C.2
Tickets: 2/-

Mrs. Barbara Castle, M.P.
and
Rt. Hon. John Strachey, M.P.
on
ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS
2.30 p.m. Saturday, 8th March
Beaver Hall, E.C.4
Tickets: 2/6

Apply:—11, *Dartmouth Street, S.W.1*

THE HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—What appears to have been overlooked in the drafting of the Bill for dental work is the fact that it will subsidise people who neglect their teeth.

In my own practice, for example, we have educated our patients to attend regularly, every six months, and after the first initial visit, the general rule is that there is little more than an occasional filling and scaling to be done. The cost of this treatment is under £2. Now, if people neglect their treatment and require a great deal of attention, the cost of which may be £5 or £8, they are still only charged £1.

The fact is that even without the charge dentists' earnings have fallen considerably, and it is a sign of the times that in the *British Dental Journal* there are as many dentists advertising for posts as assistants as there are people inquiring for assistants. A colleague of mine further informs me that applications for posts in the school dental service are already forthcoming.

On the positive side, I am the visiting dentist to a large emporium. Before the introduction of the scheme it was quite noticeable that most new girls between the ages of 15 and 20 years had completely neglected their mouths. Since the introduction of the scheme the change is absolutely remarkable, and if free dental service had done nothing more than educate people at this vital period, it must be accounted a great success.

ANOTHER DENTAL SURGEON

KASHMIR

SIR,—It is a matter of some regret to Pakistanis that you have not been able to see your way to comment on the Kashmir issue with that objectivity which has been a feature of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in its comments on most international subjects. In your article on Kashmir, "No Settlement Wanted," you say that Pakistan does not want a settlement in Kashmir. This is contradicted by facts. At every stage in the negotiations on Kashmir, Pakistan has accepted the proposals of the various representatives of the Security Council who have been charged with bringing about a settlement. India, on the other hand, has consistently frustrated all their efforts by her negative attitude.

Sir Owen Dixon, for instance, reported to the Security Council that despite his efforts he saw no prospect of his arriving at a stage where India would be willing to give its consent to any arrangement which would lead to such demilitarisation in Kashmir as would make possible the holding of a fair and impartial plebiscite.

It was Pakistan that accepted the joint recommendation of Mr. Attlee, then Prime Minister, and President Truman, to agree to arbitration. India rejected it. Again, during the Commonwealth Prime Minister's Conference, held in London in January last year, Pakistan accepted each one of the three successive demilitarisation proposals made to her and India. India rejected them all.

Pakistan has repeatedly offered to abide by the decision of an arbitrator on points of difference. India has said "no" to arbitration although Article 51 of its Constitution provides that the State shall encourage settlement of international disputes through arbitration. It is, therefore, difficult to see how you can say that Pakistan does not want a settlement in the Kashmir issue. If it did not want a settlement it would not agree to leave the decision on points of disagreement between the two countries to arbitration.

I have not known the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to refuse to face a problem, even though it may seem intractable. For you, therefore, to advocate that in Kashmir "the best solution is no solution" is, indeed, astonishing.

SALMAN A. ALI
Press Attaché
High Commission for Pakistan,
35 Lowndes Square,
London, S.W.1.

[We did not argue that Pakistan was obstructing a settlement but that it was really in the interests of both Pakistan and India to leave comparatively well alone.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE LAND BUDGET

SIR,—We inhabitants of the Snowdonia National Park welcome Dr. Joad's exposure of its threatened electrocution. As this monstrous scheme was presented to us its horrors were skilfully minimised; for example, the number and enormous size of the proposed power houses (which we were told were to be designed by the most skilful architects), while every effort was made to dazzle us by the prospect of getting the light itself. Then, as the promoters were gradually obliged to unfold the scheme, we realised, bit by bit, the many consequences so well listed by Dr. Joad. We had no electricity because of shortage of materials, labour and finance, but these would be made still more scarce by the vast demands made by the generating scheme which was incidentally to be the death of our valleys and streams. Again it was slowly admitted by the promoters that there could really "be no money for frills" such as architecture, the use of native stone in place of concrete, for burying pipes and cables or indeed for any gestures towards grace. Mr. Richard Hughes in his epilogue to "Headlong Down the Years" (a little tale in the manner of Peacock in which we have commented on the matter) says: "The scheme makes a monkey of the National Parks act. . . . The area which it is proposed to devastate is not for us a remote holiday corner, it is where we live. . . . When we lift up our eyes unto our hills we shall see leats, pipe-lines, power houses, concrete, spoil-heaps, deserted farms, but if we want electricity we shall have to crank up the old petrol engine as we do to-day. . . . It is necessary that Parliament should realise what they are doing if they put through this scheme. They will be sowing in Wales seeds of hatred where to-day there is no hatred."

CLOUGH AND AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS
Portmeirion, Merioneth.

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Books in General

*The Real Tripitaka** is a collection of Chinese and Japanese pieces. The first and longest gives an outline of the historical as distinct from the legendary career of the monk Tripitaka whose adventures were enchantingly described in Mr. Waley's translation of the Chinese novel *Monkey*, ten years ago. The second gives an account of a Japanese monk and traveller who went to China in the 9th century: he is a realistic diarist, whose temperament combines the shrewdness of the ever-hungry tramp with the petulance of the missionary. He gives us that very refined pleasure: the comedy of the practical anxiety of the pious man:

> Started at dawn and after four miles broke our journey at the house of Mr. Chao. He was religiously minded and gave us as much vegetables as we could eat. . . . Arrived at Mr. Sung's house and prepared supper. He was stingy to the extreme and would not give us either a pinch of salt or a spoonful of bean sauce. . . . Put up at Ku-hsen village with the blacksmith. Not a local man, but comes from P'ei-chou. Peaceably disposed and also religiously minded. . . . Spent the night with a Mr. Liu. Brigand mentality. A stupid fellow.

After these travels there are several Chinese stories, a strange Japanese scenario and two of Mr. Waley's own fables in the Chinese manner.

A crisp, dry and fragant book, a delicate infusion made out of the hard leaves of scholarship; Mr. Waley is a draughtsman who draws an airy and natural line as if he were speaking it. He is never other than himself: a poet who has appeared not out of the bustle and aggressions of scholarship, but from its habits, its abnegations and its melancholy. An occasional aside, as when he stops Tripitaka's story to point out that the monk must have taken five, not three, years to travel to India after the dream that set him off, is made not with the scholar's fuss, but with an amused, dry glance at the sad unreliability of scholarly men when they travel. It is a nod to the fact that if history is human nature, the accounts of it are human nature too. His scepticism is a poet's patience with life:

> Fa-tsang held the view that the highest kind of Emptiness (*sunyatā*) includes Being (*bhava*) and that similarly viewed from the standpoint of Ultimate Truth, Being includes Emptiness. This sounds to us like nonsense. But we must remember that Emptiness and Being had become technical terms which did not mean quite what they meant in everyday language. Moreover, there is no hard-and-fast rule about what is nonsense and what is sense.

The real Tripitaka was born in A.D. 602. He became a learned monk and when he had mastered the doctrines of all the Buddhist schools, he sought a personal faith. It seemed to him that he would find it in India, in the Idealist philosophy of Yoga, and his story, as Mr. Waley says, is something like a spiritual epic in the Arthurian tradition. Tripitaka is a sharp and scholarly saint, a pure intellectual; an exponent of the Buddhist doctrines of the Great Vehicle. He was an absolutist, I suppose we may say, whereas the followers of the Lesser Vehicle were gradualists of the suffer-it-to-be-so-now persuasion. For example, they ate meat.

The difference, Mr. Waley says, is fundamentally not unlike the difference between the doctrines of the Old Testament and those of the New; but Tripitaka's final view seems, as Mr. Waley says, "to torpedo the whole Idealist system" for he held that "Buddha, as a means whereby to get mankind gradually to realise that both the Ego and the World are unreal, conceded that inner consciousness is a reality. But in point of fact this inner consciousness is not a thing that has a real and tangible existence." It turned out that Tripitaka's teachings were too tidy for the Chinese who like loose ends; the Japanese, on the other hand, Mr. Waley says, were attracted by their neatness. I imagine that many readers will, like myself, find these ingenious disputes far above their heads, but the comedy of doctrine and fashion, desire and reality must always please ironical minds; and in Tripitaka's history, fantasy and miracle add their dramatic and poetic touch. In the rich monasteries it was natural to believe that mental happenings alone are real: Nalanda owned 100 villages, the villages were obliged to support the monks luxuriously—Tripitaka had ten servants —while "they folded their arms in their sleeves and developed their inner selves." Where there was heresy, the heretic might drop straight into Hell. One, Vimalamitra, having boasted that he would dispose of the Great Vehicle and Idealism once and for all, suddenly found himself with five tongues, one on top of the other, while blood gushed out of every pore of his skin. A pit opened and into it he dropped.

We do not know whether Tripitaka believed this legend, but he was an expert in omens, dreams and miracles himself, and was hot on the opposing superstitions of the Hindus. Tripitaka heard legends of the triumph of faith. There was Ananda who had had an unavailing struggle with the temptations of earthly love. He continually failed to become an Arhat or one just short of being a Buddha. But the grace was granted him one night and he rushed to the assembly to tell the other monks. The door was closed and they pointed out, with the malice of the godly, that if he had really rid himself of his bonds, he could come through the door quite easily. Very well, said Ananda, and came through the keyhole.

The gravest danger of the learned monastic life, however, lay in argument. When great religious debates were staged—and they were magnificently "put on" like Greek dramas with Kings and notables in attendance—the defeated party in the dialectic duel was frequently beheaded or thrown into prison. One seems to see here the ghost of the Asiatic mania for unanimity and confession; the defeated abandon their views, confess their errors and beg for mercy. In one place they were very astonished when Tripitaka let them off. His own great journey, which was marked by one narrow escape from assassination at the beginning, and by a terrifying vision of phantom horsemen in the desert, was otherwise a triumph. One king gave him an elephant, the equivalent, shall we say, of a Rolls-Royce. The Chinese ban on travel did not, it seems, apply to intellectuals—a remarkable state of affairs in what was an early totalitarian state.

It is not easy to define the kind of pleasure we get from the Chinese tales which Mr. Waley has translated or to explain why they insinuate themselves into a sedate part of the mind which Western legend, fairy tales or even the Arabian stories do not reach. The Arabian tales are extravagant, whether they are droll, heroic or lyrical and, with brilliant shamelessness, pour out our ingenious wishes. A great deal of European folklore belongs to pre-Christian culture and has often more than a touch of secret, otherworldly propaganda on behalf of the lost dispensation. But in the Chinese stories, if three or four women an inch or two high dance all night on a merchant's bed and one of them jumps into his mouth and runs down his throat: if a chemist's assistant marries a woman who is really a loving pythoness; if buildings vanish and the emperor's horses cannot be stopped dancing—it all seems very open, probable and normal, a matter for official cognisance. After all, these things appear to happen to civil servants and scholars, to figure as anxieties proper to their careers. They are an ordinary worry to calculating relatives, a common risk among friends, a routine puzzle to magistrates. There is a lazy, sceptical matter-of-factness in the telling as if respectability and the modest prospect of the diligent black-coated worker had to be finally defended. The following lines which actually come from *Monkey* can be paralleled in the present book:

> To have a monster in the house as a son-in-law doesn't work very well. It's definitely discreditable to the house and unpleasant not to be able to look forward to comings and goings between the families.

These tales convey to us the tender or natural imaginative longings that are at odds with mundane prospects. Allegory, magic, fancy are, in other words, urbanised and civilised. Only an "uncommonly strong physical attraction" could have bound the chemist and the pythoness, says the narrator: we might be reading the flat remarks of the English bench. The intricate doctrine of reincarnation is exploited for its logic, its rational poetry and its wit. The inner life, it seems, is a visitation we must accommodate. We are likely to have committed surprising sins in a previous existence. The poetry is in the probability.

There is one strange story in this volume. It is told in scenario form and was written in the Twenties. It moves from shot to shot and is on a Christian theme. Each shot in this mysterious work is notable for being invented by a purely visual mind; it owes something to expressionism and surrealism:

> SHOT 51. A corner of the cave. The body hanging on the wall begins gradually to change and in the end turns into two monkeys playing pick-a-back.

Or

> SHOT 23. Sebastian's right ear. Out of the lobe grows a tree heavily laden with clusters of round fruit.

The author is Ryūnosuke Akutagawa, who died young in 1927 and was a prolific writer of tales, though only a few are done in this scenario

* *The Real Tripitaka and other pieces.* By ARTHUR WALEY. *Allen & Unwin.* 18s.

form. It was not intended that they should be filmed. One would like to know more about this Japanese writer who shows more than a little Western touch and attracts by his effort at experiment. Mr. Waley completes his delightful volume with a charming addition of his own to the adventures of Tripitaka and "dear monkey."

V. S. PRITCHETT

PATTERNS

Mat gold of October sunshine. The chestnut leaves,
Rimmed with yellow, crinkle. Teased by no wind,
By no visible squirrel detached, an acorn cracks,
Hurtles through foliage still green and, lawfully, falls.

Into gilded grass and willow fingers we stepped
From the doom of streets, the mortal hardness of stone;
Quite suddenly walked where nothing, once made, is wasted,
No web undone: but, stinking, the stagnant pond
Is lovely with life reflected and life submerged,
The breathing branches, the drinking roots of trees.
Alive the dead leaves lie—how strange to us!—
On their leaf-bearing death-bed, fateless, unfeeling, unfelt.

Lawfully fallen: but we (though in the crystal of dream
The dead will appear, promoted to madness, they smile
At their former language and love) most crookedly fall,
By our bodies drawn to the earth, by spirit removed,
By intellect cruelly torn; opposing death,
Now fly, now plunge, now, helpless, hover between.

Then back to the temporal pavements made for our feet,
To zigzag, tangle and maze! Let the leaves repeat
Their perfect spirals of music, idylls and elegies
Hearing will never exhaust; their lilt is not ours.
A different art we must learn: how from faulty strings,
By death made dissonant, to lure one faultless chord.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

HER PENCE

The wireworm grinned in his autumn bed
At the digger digging beside him,
Some friends had been crushed by finger and thumb,
But the wireworm dived low in the subsoil to hide
From the spade's bright edge and the digger's eye.

The onions stood up in their April rows
With their seeds on the tip of their foils,
But the wireworm grinned with his little dog tooth
As he snipped and snipped at their delicate roots,
Then the onions turned blue and the digger cursed.

The digger looked at their deathbed throes
And said he: the worm's at the heart of all;
In the bud, at the root, in the blind sweet fruit
That grows that ripes that falls by the orchard wall!
You cannot get rid of the worm!

No comfort then? But he shouldered his spade:
Wild onions, wild onions, he suddenly cried,
Wild onions in hedgerows like daffodils grow!
Though the wireworm has robbed me of silver and gold,
On wild pennies I'll live to a hundred years old.

EWART MILNE

THE CHEERFUL ESCHATOLOGIST

Nones. By W. H. AUDEN. *Faber*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Nones is the daily office of the Church originally said at the ninth hour, or three o'clock in the afternoon; it was between the sixth and the ninth hour, while Christ hung on the cross, that there was a darkness over the earth, the sun was darkened, and the veil of the Temple was rent. There is, however, another meaning of the word that is also relevant to Mr. Auden's new book. "Nones" is the old spelling of "nonce." Many of these new pieces are nonce-poems (poems inspired by unrecurring occasions or written, in some cases, for public declamation at American graduation ceremonies). They are also full of nonce-words:

> On the mountain, the baltering torrent
> Sunk to a soodling thread,

for instance; the once battering but now faltering torrent, I suppose, sunk to a soothing and dawdling thread. One is half tempted to say that Mr. Auden's inspiration has itself begun to soodle, but, if there is nothing here in the old, urgent, hortatory vein, that is because Mr. Auden now feels that "all sane affirmative speech" has been so "pawed-at" and "profaned" by newspapers and politicians that the only civilised tone of voice for the poet to-day is

> the wry, the sotto-voce,
> Ironic and monochrome.

And, in fact, Mr. Auden has never written with more confident ease than here. He hits just the note he wants to, even when he is seeking to hold the attention of a throng of undergraduates:

> Between the chances, choose the odd;
> Read *The New Yorker*, trust in God;
> And take short views.

Whether under the ease of the surface there is a slackness of will is another question; also, how far irony and humour at this level betray a fundamental undue complacency. The recipe for the *New Yorker* type of humour, I think, is to step far enough back from the routines we are all immersed in to feel sophisticated about them; but not far enough back to cease to be one of the boys. But Auden can be one of the boys at several levels, and there is a quite different snob highbrow pleasure, for instance, in recognising the tesselations of Horatian syntax in these lines addressed to Mr. Brian Howard:

> . . . what bees
> From the blossoming chestnut
> Or short but shapely dark-haired men
> From the aragonian grape distil, your amber wine,
> Your coffee-coloured honey . . .

Auden, in fact, is more unscrupulously adroit in the range of his appeal than anyone else writing now. He can be back-slapping, ominous, portwiny, or abstruse, as the occasion demands. But if these new poems mostly do not aim at major statements, there are major themes, above all the Christian theme, in the Background; the frivolity is in a sense permissible because the last things, death, judgment, hell, heaven, are always in mind, and the worldly hopes men set their hearts upon have been rejected. In the interim, there is nothing against harmless enjoyment. What we are left in doubt about, I suppose, is the nature of Mr. Auden's first-level responses, if any. His type of Christianity, I would say, is a sophisticated Lutheranism. He does not exactly say to us, *Pecca fortiter*, but to avoid despair he has to put most of his money on Grace since he knows he is going to fall down on Works. The trouble about such a type of Christianity is that to the outside observer it might appear to make no practical difference:

> But that Miss Number in the corner
> Playing hard to get . . .
> I am sorry I'm not sorry . . .
> Make me chaste, Lord, but not yet.

Humility consists of recognising one's impurity, but also provides an excuse for going on being impure:

> The Love that rules the sun and stars
> Permits what He forbids

Stated at that level, even allowing for the not very biting satire, the attitude is a little vulgar: Dante and St. Augustine at the cocktail party, or soulfulness as adding to the kick. But stated with more personal conviction, it can be moving and dignified, as in the last lines of the loveliest poem here, *In Praise of Limestone*:

> Dear, I know nothing of
> Either, but when I try to imagine a faultless love
> Or the life to come, what I hear is the murmur
> Of underground streams, what I see is a limestone landscape

Deliberately slackening down a little when everybody else is keyed up, taking a humorous view of guilt and anxiety as part of the set-up—"throwing it away," as the actors say of a strong line—is, after all, a defensible human attitude when everybody else is getting shrill, frightened, and nasty. This is a continually disconcerting book, but I would say it more often embodies positive values (it is certainly a value that someone can go on unashamedly enjoying himself to-day, as Auden seems to) than *The Age of Anxiety* where the theme of our awkward *malaise* was all too faithfully mirrored in the tone and handling. I suppose from all sorts of official and respectable points of view *Nones* is a quietly outrageous little book; my own kind of fundamental doubts I have tried to indicate; but I have enjoyed the poems more than anything Auden has written in a good many years.

G. S. FRASER

WHEN CÆSAR BECAME GOD

Conspiracy of Silence. By ALEX WEISSBERG. *Hamish Hamilton*. 21*s*.

Despite its melodramatic title—and its even more melodramatic dust cover—*Conspiracy of Silence* is a very important book. Read as fiction (which it is not), it has the sprawling, intense, humane vitality of a Gogol novel. Read as sober fact (which I am convinced it is), it provides the first authoritative story of the Great Purge of 1936-1939, as seen through all its phases by one of its victims. There have been more harrowing

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PATTERNS OF

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accounts of life in Russian prisons and slave labour camps—*The Dark Side of the Moon*, for instance—and men of more political significance than Mr. Weissberg have survived to tell their tales of torture by the GPU. *Conspiracy of Silence* is more authoritative than any of these because its author possesses the almost unique combination of qualities necessary in order to explain his fantastic experiences. A Polish Jew by birth; an Austrian bourgeois by upbringing; a Communist by conviction; a physicist and a scientific administrator, with six years' experience of work in a Russian laboratory; and, last but not least important, a tubby *bon viveur* by physique and an argumentative extrovert by temperament: Alex Weissberg was rolled, for nine years, through the GPU and Gestapo machines, only to bounce up after the war in Sweden—a human rubber ball, without a puncture. *Conspiracy of Silence* tells of his first three years in Russian prisons. There is another volume coming, which will describe what happened to him when the GPU handed him over to the Gestapo, along with a batch of German Communists, on January 5th, 1940.

The story begins in the Ukrainian Physical Technical Institute, one of the largest and best equipped experimental laboratories in Europe. Weissberg had been working there since 1931 as a leading member of a brilliant team of scientists, many of them foreigners, like himself; recently he had been put in charge of a new low-temperature laboratory, which was being constructed to his design. The horrors of the first forced collectivisation were by now an ugly memory. The Soviet pendulum had swung towards liberalisation, with plenty of Intourist visitors and talk of a new Constitution. Everyone was breathing more easily when, in August, 1936, the indictment against Zinoviev and Kamenev was published: the Purge had begun. Early in 1937 Weissberg was summoned by the Kharkov GPU and ordered to confess that he had been working for a foreign Power. He denied the charge, but, after three more interviews and desperate attempts by his colleagues to intervene with the GPU chief Maso (who committed suicide a few months later), he was arrested. His colleagues, except Martin Ruhemann (to-day a research worker in Manchester) automatically denounced him. But this did not prevent the arrest of most of them on the charge of participating in the Weissberg plot to assassinate Stalin and Voroshilov during a hunting trip in the Caucasus, and to blow up the main industrial plants of Kharkov in the event of war. Three years later Yezhov, the head of the GPU, was liquidated, along with most of the men who framed the charge; the Great Purge faded away as gradually and as meaninglessly as it began. As Weissberg remarks, it hit the Soviet Union not as a man-made terror, but like a natural disaster, a whirlwind which swept across the country, uprooting in its course almost everyone morally and intellectually capable of being a conscientious Communist.

The peculiar fascination of *Conspiracy of Silence* is that it succeeds in conveying to the Western reader the purposeless violence in which all, accuser and accused, innocent and guilty, were swept along. We live with Mr. Weissberg through the whole catastrophe, the loneliness of his first period of solitary confinement, the melancholy fascination of the two *agents provocateurs* with whom he next found himself, the rich humanity of the big cell, with its two hundred inmates sitting in four tightly packed rows of fifty, and learning physics and foreign languages together.

Nearly all Mr. Weissberg's cell-mates were élite Communists, who had fought in the Civil War and held important positions in the Soviet State. Every single one (with the exception of one genuine Polish spy, who was later expelled and blackballed by the other indignant inmates of the cell) was completely innocent, but confessed his guilt. Mr. Weissberg describes them all, and is thereby led into a number of long and affectionate digressions, which transform a factual account of one man's prison experiences into an exuberant tragi-comedy of Soviet life. The appalling cruelty of the GPU examinations (Weissberg confessed twice, once after a week and once after four days and nights of unbroken cross-examination, only, on each occasion, to retract the confession within twenty-four hours) is rendered bearable by the feeling he imparts that the examiners themselves—with their legalistic adherence to the rules of the Terror—were as much victims of circumstance as their prisoners. Indeed, by the end of 1938 one of them was in the cell with him, providing fresh data for this indefatigable, cheerful scientist, who, from his first day in prison, realised that he could only remain sane by scientifically investigating the causes and the course of the disaster which had overtaken him.

Most of us have assumed that there must have been some conspiracy in 1936, or at least some organised opposition, against which Stalin struck. After carefully sifting all the evidence he accumulated, Mr. Weissberg reaches the conclusion that this is untrue—even in the case of Tukachevsky. Unlike the Gestapo, which was opposed by disloyal elements, the GPU was ordered to uncover a non-existent conspiracy. Just as hundreds of thousands of innocent people were condemned as witches in the Middle Ages, so multitudes of Communists and Russian patriots were purged for mythical counter-revolutionary activities. Indeed, it was precisely because there was nothing to uncover that the arrests reached such fantastic proportions (by a most ingenious method, Mr. Weissberg calculates that eight million innocent people probably passed through the prisons between 1936 and 1939). Once the order was given by Stalin, the GPU *had* to uncover something: each prisoner *had* to confess, and so incriminate scores of his acquaintances. They in their turn were arrested, confessed, and incriminated another batch of innocents. One doctor in Kharkov, knowing his turn was due, memorised the names of all the other doctors in the city. At his first examination he at once admitted that he had recruited the lot into his conspiracy; and, when asked which were the key members of the plot, he replied that he had so perfected his organisation that all were equally guilty. This was too much even for the GPU, which refused to accept his confession, and so Kharkov was left with some medical attention.

But how is it possible to extract millions of confessions without discovering a trace of guilt? Part of the explanation seems to be that the few surviving oppositional elements—White Russians and religious sectarians, for instance, who really were guilty of opposing Communism—were not touched. The Purge concentrated on the Communist élite, the most ardent supporters of the regime; *and their philosophy explicitly repudiates the individual's right to free speech and fair trial as a bourgeois superstition.* Even Weissberg himself, as a loyal supporter of the regime, did not feel that he was morally entitled to oppose the Purge as *such*, and this gave the GPU examiner an immense advantage in extracting his confessions. So too, each of the convinced Communists who was arrested believed that Stalin had the right to liquidate him or to extort a fictitious confession if it was in the public interest to do so. In the whole of his three years' experience of Russian prisons, Weissberg only met one conscientious objector, an old anarchist. He was able to silence his examiner in argument because he denied that any State had any authority over him. Since a Communist could not take this fundamentalist stand, he could not feel that his personal innocence really mattered.

The Purge, in fact, was a natural phenomenon of the Soviet system. The conscientious man, who conscientiously identifies God and Cæsar, thereby removes the basis for conscientious objection to *any* action which Cæsar declares to be in the public interest. It was the repudiation of individual freedom which made old Bolsheviks together with young Stalinists, and GPU examiners along with their victims, connive in fabricating a conspiracy and carrying through a Purge which virtually eliminated the Russian élite and left the Soviet system a Leviathan without a social conscience.

One final word. No review can give more than a hint of the richness and variety of *Conspiracy of Silence*. It is a book to buy for reading and re-reading.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

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This was, actually, the most impressive of his gifts. The Portuguese made their hard task yet harder by wilfully slighting oriental potentates under the illusion that they were dealing with barbarians. In fact, as Mr. Hart brilliantly reveals, Eastern civilisation was then at least equal to that of Portugal; superior, it seems, in material comfort and religious and political toleration. The arrival of the Portuguese was the irruption of a brutal dynamic people into a sophisticated and smooth-working world of commerce. They were not responsible for bringing the amenities of the East to Europe. Wilier Italian merchants had been visiting India for generations, working in harmony with Arab shippers. Mombasa enjoyed a higher standard of civilisation than for many centuries after the Portuguese had smashed Moslem trade; Alexandria, during this brief period after the fall of Constantinople to the Turks, was almost as prosperous as in the days of the Roman Empire. The Portuguese did no more than redirect this Asiatic trade to their own country, to the detriment of the much more cultured Italian city states. They created for themselves a wealthy but ramshackle empire which soon disintegrated under the pressure of their own unbelievable corruption. Viewing their achievement in a longer perspective it may be said that they brought about the first step in a great shift of world civilisation from east to west, and initiated a distrust and hatred of Europeans in Africa and Asia from which we are suffering, acutely, to-day. This book, enlightening as well as informative, and much stranger than fiction, deserves to be very widely read. DOROTHY CARRINGTON

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Truth in the Night. By MICHAEL MCLAVERTY. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Bottle Organ. By RENÉ MASSON. *Wingate.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Ruth Tomalin's *All Souls* is the first English pastoral novel for many years worth mentioning along with Miss Sylvia Townsend Warner's *Lolly Willowes*—though not with the *Mr. Weston's Good Wine, Wolf Solent* and *Love and Death* of the giant Powys brothers. An old woman has been burned as a witch in the seventeenth century, because the vicar's pigs caught swine-fever, and his little son ate deadly-nightshade, and she kept a tame hare. In the present day her perturbed spirit is reincarnated, and takes revenge by setting one half of the village in a witch-hunt after the other half. Even the schoolchildren, engaged in the innocent compilation of a flower-map for Long Peace and its environs, are led into envy and fraud. There is a macabre finale in the village hall: the selfish gentry sit in the gallery to watch the wicked peasants below; but instead of *Sir Roger* they dance widdershins, and sing a sinister song without words, and Mr. Grote the verger gives a horrible puppet-show, with the witch's voice crying through his lips. Then the spectre vanishes, before anything irremediable has happened, and all wake up to feel ashamed, the one side of its real faults, the other of its malice, which exploited those faults as scapegoats for hatred and anger. As the vicar says, "We are all rather evil, and we are all rather good, perhaps"—evil lies not in the errors of the eccentric, so much as in the malice of the normal.

But the interesting thing is not this novel's moral, but that this novel is a morality; the characters have unlikely names, such as Willow, Mouse, Vanessa, and utter stiffly formalised conversation, because they are not (though the reader is likely to care for them) people, but embodiments and emanations. They might be named, like actors in a morality play, Vanity, Sloth, Deceit—not Lust, for this isn't after all a Powys novel. *All Souls* is sedulously, intensely cut off from time and the outside world. When does it happen? Misleading references to coach roads and coaching inns are planted to make us guess wrong, and one waits, positively frightened and in vain, for cars, radios or aeroplanes. When undergraduate strolling-players pin the hovering season down to any summer in the last forty years, by performing Gilbert Murray's *The Frogs*, we feel they must have broken through into a new dimension to arrive in this time and village at all. It is significant that Julian, one of the intruding actors, is unique in talking like a normal person, and helps to break the nightmare by failing to notice that anything out of the ordinary is happening. The novel is full of riddles and answers widely separated—if you notice which two characters are left-handed, or guess why the vicar's new housekeeper is named Mrs. Miller, you will have important clues. In *All Souls* nature and the seasons are recorded rather than described; their beauty is chilled and indifferent, a dark reverse of the pathetic fallacy, and the progress of the year becomes as menacing a drama, with its interfused separateness, as the witch's vengeance. Miss Tomalin's prose is planned: when we understand it, we see it is both new and faultless. Her sentences do not flow easily; that is because we are not intended to vault them from full-stop to full-stop, but to spend a measurable time in each, threading its thickets, breathing its air, collecting its flower-names.

What is the real, perhaps unconscious theme of this mysterious and disquieting novel? It is about the country, where the framework of streets and buildings is missing, and "heartless, witless" nature surrounds and creeps between the houses of the village; where men can be seen as trees walking, and trees as men standing still; where non-human and human truth can be caught in the act of mingling. Or, *All Souls*, like any other isolated, integrated work of art, is its own subject; and it is also about the personality of Miss Tomalin, which certainly differs widely from that of any of her characters. She is an original artist in imagination and form, and this is only her first novel.

Ronald Firbank spent a few months in Haiti ("Tomorrow I go to Haiti. They say the President is a *Perfect Dear*!"), and wrote *Prancing Nigger*. The brothers Marcelin, whose motto may well be "Voodoo as you would be voodoned by," have lived there all their lives, and have written, after *Beast of the Haitian Hills*, *The Pencil of God*. This is the trashy, facetious story of an unfaithful husband hounded to suicide by his mother-in-law, who convinces the neighbours that he is a werewolf. It lacks form, motivation, characterisation and all other virtues of novels written in the French culture these Haitian Goncourts are sworn to refrain from imitating. Patriotism is not enough: a national culture can only be made by sowing native seeds in compost collected from the world's—the Old World's—garden. The Marcelins don't even believe in their own "folk." Yet the one credible or creditable thing in the novel, excepting a few landscapes, is the black-magic itself. Indeed, any reader who can hunt up the necessary props, which include "two white whale-oil candles, and a heart-shaped greyish stone, dedicated to Aminsi Oueddo," may go into business on his own account, and write his own voodunit: about the appalling doom, say, of a young lady of Haiti, who said, "I'll stand by the Almighty, and have no part or parcel in the firm of Frères Marcelin, nor invoke Papa Blanc in my nighty." The only comfort about the

desolating translation is that it's by an American, an avatar of the *New Yorker* cliché expert, perhaps.

Regionalism in the novel is often more successful than nationalism; and Ireland, unlike Haiti, is large enough to have regions, and old enough to have literary tradition. *Truth in the Night* is a sincere, swiftly and finely written novel set in the West of Ireland, about a farmer and his love for an embittered, implacable woman. The man recovers of the bite, the bitch it is that dies; but her death in the last chapter is insufficiently prepared. If Mr. McLaverty had set his heart upon it, he should have spent the whole novel in making it seem both surprising and inevitable; for, as Milton pointed out, the union of Sin and Death is unnatural indeed.

The Bottle Organ is about the song-publishing racket in the hungry Paris of the post-liberation period. The Sally of this Tin-Pan Alley is Antoinette, a young typist in love with Jojo, a thin, unlucky music-hall singer. The first ten pages describe her (I managed to read it, so I must bring myself to mention it) catching the office flea on her right thigh. There are good scenes of the lovers in their *maison-de-passe*, of family life far up the peeling staircase in the Rue des Vinaigriers, of the kid-brother running across midnight Paris from a burgling expedition in Montparnasse. M. René Masson wears Marcel Aymé's old suits. He substitutes sexiness for sex, dingyness for realism, whimsicality for wit; yet he shows how even a fourth-rate French novel can remain, if only hereditarily, serious, funny and damnably readable.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

BLACK RECORD

British Trade and the Opening of China. By MICHAEL GREENBERG. *Cambridge.* 21*s.*

Just one hundred and ten years ago, the Chinese, "choosing between danger and safety, not between right and wrong," signed the Treaty of Nanking, which inaugurated, between China and "capitalist" England, a period of "free" trade now decisively ended by the armies of Mao Tse-tung. Full circle, and (one might say) just retribution for a black spot in England's record. But in 1842 the commercial skies on the China coast seemed set fair for the disciples of Adam Smith, with the steam-power of Lancashire at their back. They had broken the monopoly of the Honourable East India Company eight years earlier; the Opium War had been fought and won; the profitable drug had followed the flag from Canton to Amoy and Shanghai; the old restrictive Canton Commercial System, with its Cohong of Chinese merchants, had been abolished; and there was to be no more nonsense over hampering tariff duties. The Mandarin Empire was to be wide open to the civilising influence of Western private enterprise.

On the commercial history of the previous 60 years, from 1782, when John Henry Cox first came to Canton to sell "singsong" musical-box toys, until China was "opened" and Hongkong made a British colony, fascinating new light is thrown by the collection of accounts and correspondence of the leading firm of pre-treaty China merchants, Jardine Matheson and Co., found in Hongkong, preserved in the University Library at Cambridge, and now used by Mr. Greenberg in this valuable and admirably written addition to the list of *Cambridge Studies in Economic History*. Here, from the inside, with a wealth of detail for specialist students, the story is told of the struggle, waged without moral scruple (Jardine described the opium trade as "the safest and most gentlemanlike speculation I am aware of") by the private traders to break, with vast profit to themselves, first the monopoly of the Company and finally the power of the Emperor and his Viceroy at Canton.

Until towards the end of the eighteenth century, the China trade, a close preserve of the Honourable Company, had consisted of the export of a growing volume of tea, paid for almost entirely by silver bullion, for which the old plunder of the Spanish Main at first served. It was to provide additional means of payment that the Company first turned to Indian opium—thereby incidentally supplying India with means to buy Manchester goods—and it was in the growth of the so-called Country Trade between India and China that the "private English" found scope to challenge the Company's monopoly. Beginning as supercargoes of the Company, then as Canton residents (masquerading sometimes under Prussian and Austrian consular colours), these "gentlemen adventurers" of the type of Cox, Beale, Matheson and Jardine became essential to the Company because their opium-running provided "sycee" silver to pay for tea. Their smuggling defied every Imperial edict; China was flooded with the drug; and when the Company's monopoly, under pressure both from the private traders and cotton-exporting interest in Manchester, was terminated in 1834, private trade held the lion's share of the Chinese market.

Meanwhile, illegal imports of opium had upset China's balance of payments. Silver had been flowing out of China since the 1820s—an impoverishment which, so the merchants' *Chinese Courier* piously hoped in 1833, would "contribute . . . to the final reduction of the Chinese to reasonable terms." In a sense it did; but first the English had to stage a display of colonial imperialism for which no defence can be made. When the Viceroy, in 1837, effectively suppressed the Chinese "smug boats," armed British launches carried the opium to Canton, literally shooting their way into the market; and when, in 1839, the merchants were interned in their Factory and threatened with expulsion from China unless they signed a bond not to deal in opium, war was opened by H.M. Frigate *Volage*. After that troops were sent from India. The sword followed the ledger; Jardine, Matheson and Co. had a century of prosperity in front of them. But, considering the original basis of their wealth, they can hardly complain if Shanghai to-day is no longer, for Western capital, an open city.

AYLMER VALLANCE

THEMSELVES

Second Movement. By SPIKE HUGHES. *Museum Press.* 16*s.*

Circus Doctor. By J. Y. HENDERSON. *Peter Davies.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Pilgrim to Paradise. By SHAW DESMOND. *Rider.* 18*s.*

Everyone lives in a different world—people constitute a universe staggering to the mind—and the only autobiographies less than worth reading are those that delineate worlds already known. Mr. Spike Hughes, with the dizziness of space travel, takes us straight to his jazz world. A friend (this was in 1929) had left a double-bass in the corner of a room in Grosvenor St. Its silence reproached him. He began to play. Very soon he could pick out the "bass notes of the childishly simple and monotonous sequence of chords which passes for 'harmony' in modern jazz." Within a few weeks he was accompanying hot records on a gramophone; he took to plucking and slapping, a refinement new to the English ear and productive (on the hands) of frightful blood-blisters; but less than two years later, he was elected Britain's Best Bassist by the readers of the *Melody Maker*. Here, on page 13, is the first whiff of what Mr. Hughes calls "failure without a single unhappy moment": so only the highly successful can run down triumph.

His adventures, all of which he has enjoyed up to the hilt, reveal the indefatigable zealot. He saw, or rather heard, something on the horizon, and furiously set off after it. Not only did he pluck and slap, he composed, he drank, he interviewed band-leaders' managers, he sat up all night copying, he married twice, he attended Archer Street, he collected his own band, he made records, he sojourned with Sitwell and collaborated with Coward. Manchester's most

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genteel suburb welcomed with cold baths and pickles the conductor of a Cochran revue; the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam, put on a serious, hushed face to "Meet the Boys." Half a dozen short pieces (of which the enchanting "Donegal Cradle Song" still haunts me) half satisfied a musical intelligence content to dream its achievements; a ballet was asked for by the Camargo Society, and provided; a Harlem Symphony led inevitably to an American visit, where Mr. Hughes met his source of inspiration. And all this, or nearly all this—there is some vagueness about ages and dates—before Mr. Hughes had turned thirty. In the jazz age, described here with a scathing jauntiness, he was seriously in love with jazz. *Second Movement* (I missed the first) records this affair from first to last; and though Mr. Hughes hasn't put into it quite the extravagance and passion one realises was there, he has found dry, quick, frank ways of communicating himself. His book falls about half-way between the celebrity memoir and the personal revelation; though "falls," perhaps, is hardly the word. Here, as usual, Mr. Hughes engagingly rides.

Circus Doctor has little enough aplomb: it wasn't written, but "told to" a collaborator. Mr. Henderson is chief vet of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus—the largest, no doubt, in the world; and the first and best half of the book relates his early experiences in the job. We learn that animals do not "smell fear"; elephants have tender skins and out of nervousness bite one another's tails; big cats suffer from sinus trouble; horses are neurotic. "Not being an animal, I don't pretend to be able to diagnose for myself." Mr. Henderson isn't nearly such an ass as a few sentimental asides like the above might suggest; besides being, one gathers, a bold and successful vet, he also is dominated by a passion—not the success but the passion is what makes a writer interesting. The book tails off after marriage and war (slipped together into a couple of paragraphs), into random reminiscences.

The author of *Pilgrim to Paradise* gesticulates on such other planes that he is hard to pin down. I gather, however, that he has a chest measurement of "anything up to 54 inches (inflated)," and wears the Black Belt for judo; has rounded Cape Horn in a windjammer; has been inspired in turn by Jesus, Lenin, Blavatsky, and Buddha. These facts aren't easily elicited from a stormy life. Much of what goes on is Over There: "music is the fundament of life here and hereafter." Even on this "sorrowful planet, as it is known on the astral" confusion, for the reader, may reign. Mr. Desmond first met his Danish wife in the Egypt of Amenhotep III; and was killed by a gladiator in Rome, though whether with a trident or a stiletto remains a nice point. And yet the Pilgrim Passionate doesn't incite as he should. Perhaps he has overdone things.

G. W. STONIER

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Note.—In future the LP discs issued by the Nixa company will be listed under the letters (SPLP or EXLP) and numbers only.

Symphonies. MOZART: No. 38, D major ("Prague") (RPO/Beecham. LX 1517-9). A warm-hearted performance, but at times the phrasing makes one feel that the conductor's love for the work borders on the fulsome. The recording is only partially successful. STRAUSS: *Symphonia Domestica*, Op. 53 (Vienna Phil/Krauss. *LXT 2643). This large work in four connected movements is in effect a symphonic poem dealing with the relations of a husband, his wife and their new-born baby. Do not allow the disconcerting programme to prevent you from enjoying the music, which is clever, beautiful and highly characteristic. This is a superb performance, and the recording of the complicated score is a triumph of engineering.

Concertos. MOZART: Piano Concerto No. 26, D major ("Coronation") (Bachauer/New London Orch/Sherman. C 4151-4). Those who have grown up with the (now deleted) Landowska set of this concerto will find Gina Bachauer's solo metronomically rigid and beset with over-heavy accents. At the same time it is impossible not to admire the even fluency of her runs and, generally speaking, the excellent taste of her playing. The recording—a very good one—gives full value to the admirable string-wind balance secured by the conductor. WEBER: Clarinet Concertos, F minor, Op. 73, and E flat major, Op. 74 (Heine/Salzburg Mozarteum Orch/Walter. *SPLP 529). Early romantic music of the freshest and most youthful kind. These concertos are irresistible and they are stylishly played, but it is hard to forgive the miserable recording of such lucid and simple scores. The clarinet sounds acid and often cracked, the string tone hard and edgy. I think it possible that some gramophones may be able to mitigate these faults, and possessors of such are strongly advised to give this delicious music a trial.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. MOZART: Divertimento, D major, K 205; Cassation, B flat major, K 99 (Salzburg Mozarteum Orch/Walter. *SPLP 528). The Cassation was written when Mozart was either thirteen (according to Einstein) or eleven (according to Wyzewa and Saint-Foix). As the work of a mature man it would still be a miracle of individual grace and ingenuity. The Divertimento is a pleasant, but more conventional piece. Both are well played and the recording is adequate. WAGNER: Overture—*The Flying Dutchman* (Vienna Phil/Furtwängler. DB 9727-8). An intensely dramatic performance, full of a sense of impending catastrophe. The recording is on the whole very good. The fill-up, Brahms's Hungarian Dance No. 1, is most voluptuously played. TCHAIKOVSKY: *Casse Noisette* Suite (French Nat. Sym. Orch/Désormière. *CCL 7508). Apart from the *Fée dragée*, whose strings are muffled and whose celesta is shrill, this is an admirably recorded disc, and the performance is not inferior to other recent (and mostly excellent) issues of the suite. KODALY: *Galanta Dances* (LPO/Cameron. C 7896-7). A chain of dances in the Hungarian Rhapsody style, characterised by alternations of Dervish violence with very slow passages elegiac in tone. This is good light music, of an open-air complexion, and it is played in a suitably dashing manner. Recording good. Also recommended: HUMPERDINCK: *Hansel and Gretel* — Dream Pantomime (Philharmonia/Weldon. DX 1811).

Chamber Music and Piano. MOZART: Piano Trios—complete recording: (Jambor/Aitay/Starker. *SPLP 521-3), K 496 and 245 (*SPLP 523), K 502 and 548 (*SPLP 522), K 542 and 564 (*SPLP 521). Though unequal in value, these Trios are an important addition to the discography of Mozart. It is a pity that the two finest (K 502 and 542) were not coupled on one disc, but readers who plump for SPLP 522 will, I think, find that the quality of the performance (admirably correct and scholarly) and of the recording (clear and well balanced, but on the hard side) is better suited to the energetic B flat Trio than to the more dreamy E major. SCHUBERT: Piano Quintet, A major ("Trout") (Budapest QT/Horszowski. LX 1521-5). Good as was the LP of this work, neither in playing nor recording was it quite as seductive as the latest set, in which quartet and pianist conspire to give an unusually delicate and sensitive reading of the music. Even to those who know and love the work, this set will reveal subtleties that escape notice in a more robust performance. The recording is excellent. DVORAK: Serenade, D minor, for wind and string bass, Op. 44 (London Baroque Ensemble. R 20604-6). A little masterpiece of its kind, combining the technical ingenuity of Mozart with melodies of Schubertian loveliness. It is impossible to imagine a performance more sympathetically conceived, or carried out with a greater attention to detail and the balance of timbres. The recording is beautifully realistic. KODALY: Sonata, cello and piano, Op. 4; BARTOK: Rhapsody No. 1 (Starker/Herz. *EXLP 702). KODALY: Sonata for unaccompanied cello, Op. 8 (Starker. *SPLP 510). The two Kodaly sonatas

bear eloquent testimony to the thoughtful lyricism that is the most enduring feature of this composer's talent. The earlier and less considerable of the two is remarkable for a first movement of dark brooding beauty; while the solo sonata, a much larger and more important work, covers a wider variety of moods and demands a virtuoso performance. Both sonatas are impressively played and well recorded, though in the first work the piano tone is a little twangy. The Bartok Rhapsody, though written in 1928, is nearer in style to the work of his early period, when he was still under the influence of Liszt. It is not of much interest. EXLP 702 contains, by way of fill-up, a short but attractive Hungarian Wedding Dance by Leo Weiner. JEAN BINET: String Quartet; ADOLF BRUNNER: Sonata, flute and piano; OTHMAR SCHOECK: Toccata, for piano (Swiss Ensemble. *LXT 2658). This extremely well-made record of contemporary Swiss music can be confidently recommended to those who take kindly to the less aggressive type of modern music. The Binet quartet, in particular, is a most distinguished work, with more in it than meets the eye. The performances are excellent. DEBUSSY: *Suite Bergamasque* (Gieseking. LX 8898-9). This set, exquisitely played and perfectly recorded, now replaces the previous Gieseking version. DEBUSSY: *La Cathédrale engloutie* (Malcuzynski. LB 119). Not recommended. The performance is pedestrian and lacking in mystery, the recorded tone unpleasantly confined. The old Gieseking disc (LB 30) is far preferable. PROKOFIEV: Quintet, Op. 39, for oboe, clarinet, violin, viola, and bass; Overture on Hebrew themes, Op. 34 (Paris Chamber Ensemble. *SPLP 512). The quintet, originally composed as accompaniment to a ballet about circus life, is in the composer's satiric style and rather dull, despite some interesting experiments in outlandish sonorities. The Overture is a much more attractive work. Both are admirably played and the recording, though somewhat harsh, has the merit of great clarity. Also recommended: ALBENIZ: *Cordoba* and (arr. Heifetz) *Sevillanas* (Campoli/Gritton. X 571); LISZT: *Czardas Macabre* (Kentner. DX 1813); SZYMANOWSKI: Polish Folk Song and Highland Melody (Uminska/Newton. R 20603).

Vocal. MOZART: *The Impresario*—complete opera; Four Marches, D major, K 249, 237, 189, 215 (Nentwig/Guillaume/Hchmann/Rohr/Salzburg Mozarteum Orch/Walter. *SPLP 532). This tiny opera, which concerns the difficulties of an impresario importuned by two rival prima donnas, is a good example of Mozart's extraordinary ability to pack a small vessel with wit and beauty. The Nixa recording sensibly omits the spoken dialogue. The performance is lively, but the recording is unresonant and liable to occasional distortion, and, since Käthe Nentwig is no match for Margot Guillaume, the point of the plot is rather spoilt. However, with these reservations the disc can be recommended, especially as the reverse is much more humorous and graceful than the title might lead one to suppose. DEBUSSY: *Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien* (Oklahoma City Chorus Soloists and Orch/Alessandro. Allegro. *ALG 100). Debussy's incidental music to the miracle play by Gabriele d'Annunzio was composed in 1911; it is austerely beautiful and full of sombre, darkly gleaming, Byzantine colour—in fact, artistically superior to the rather over-written drama it illustrates. Apart from the insecure solo of Miriam Stewart (as *la vierge Erigone*), the performance is a most impressive achievement, excellently recorded. The disc (obtainable from the Allegro Co., 101, New Bond St., London, W.1) has a variable surface—at least in the copy I heard. BELLINI: *I Puritani*—"Qui la voce" (Callas, R 30043). Even devotees of Margherita Carosio's recording of "Qui la voce" are strongly urged to give this very different rendering a trial. In a double-sided version which includes the *cabaletta* Maria Callas displays, not merely a larger and more beautiful voice, but a greater range of expression. The recording, though far from impeccable, is adequate. FALLA: Seven Popular Songs (De los Angeles. DB 9731-2). An irreproachable set. Some will no doubt continue to prefer Conchita Supervia's more pungent version, but Victoria de los Angeles has more variety and at times a greater refinement. The balance is admirable and the tone most agreeable. MUSSORGSKY: *The Grave*; TRADITIONAL: Siberian Prisoner's Song (Christoff/Moore. DB 21383). Both these songs exemplify the ability of art to make even sadness inspiriting. They are magnificently sung and very well recorded. Also highly recommended: Three Brazilian Folk Songs (Coelho. RO 20599).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,149

Set by Aylmer Vallance

On an earlier page of this issue, a contributor subjects the prosody of newspaper headlines to the tests of literary criticism. In the belief that this art offers scope for amateurs, the usual prizes are offered for headlines (single, two-decker or three-decker) appropriate for the columns of *The Times*, *Express*, *Mirror* and *Worker* on one of the following news items: A tidal wave (without casualties) in Loch Ness; the assassination of the Editor of the *N.S. & N.*; victory for the Soviet Union in the Women's Singles at Wimbledon; the announcement, after a dramatic scene in the Commons, that a Cabinet Minister had been certified as a lunatic. Entries by March 11.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,146

Set by J. B. Roderic

The usual prizes are offered for a conversation, in not more than 16 lines of rhyming dialogue, between the Dome and the Skylon on their possible fates, which are at present under consideration.

Report by J. B. Roderic

Blackpool, Coney Island, Hollywood; money-spinners, dollar-earners, follies for a millionaire—sad to say neither Dome nor Skylon had many brighter ideas about their future than those that have been suggested for them. A good deal of bickering emerged:

> But if you think your future life'll
> Make you Britain's Pisa-Eiffel
> —Well you're above yourself a trifle.

So did symbolism, from the erotic to the economic: H.A.C. Evans's Dome foresaw his partner's future on the cliffs at Dover—

> Symbol of Britain that, now caught short,
> Hangs on without visible means of support.

J. B. B. Aris had a nice conceit that the Dome should make a parasol for the Statue of Liberty. Prize-money divided among the five printed below. Honourable mention: Edward Blishen, Pat Bullen and Guy Innes.

THE DOME AND THE SKYLON DISCUSS THEIR FATES

D. A shelter for girls in Hyde Park?
S. A super-harpoon for a Snark?
D. Cecil de Mille?
S. Land o' the Leal?
Together: Or bartered, for oil, with Iraq?

D. Conservancy Board reservoir?
S. Presented (tax-free) to H. Moore?
D. Carroll Levis?
S. Up Ben Nevis?
Together: Or peddled on Blackpool's South Shore?

D. To roof a casino at Nice?
S. Coronation feu d'artifice?
D. Tessie O'Shea?
S. The Great White Way?
Together: Or traded, for Cyprus, to Greece?

GRANVILLE GARLEY

D. No one has a use for us. We haven't got, dear Skylon,
Quite the shape they want to put their new atomic pile on.

New way of taking a swarm? No—an old way of winnowing; and they still have the knack of it in Brazil. These coffee beans have farther to go than a bee can fly. Down by mulecart and lorry and train to the coast—and thence across the seas to your breakfast table. British Insurance covers them all the way.

BRITISH INSURED

British Insurance Companies back World Enterprise

Issued by the British Insurance Association

S. No, and those who have to clear away our whole caboodles
Will in desperation start a Camp for Displaced Doodles.
D. Unconventional,
S. three-dimensional,
Together: old-fashioned Festival Doodles!
D. With a flat roof I could make an air-stop here for gyros.
S. What a fine advertisement I could display for Biros!
Really, human beings are a lot of silly noodles
If they go and think we're but a couple of flap-doodles.
D. Not employable,
S. nor enjoyable,
Together: due to be pensioned off Doodles!
D. You, with coronation ribbons flying from your gay pole,
Would enchant them as a New Elizabethan Maypole.
S. As a Very Grand Stand you could rake in simply oodles,
Earthingaled in hoops of steel. And *now* who wants two Doodles?
D. Trimmed with valancing,
S. budget balancing,
Together: soaking the rich Yankee Doodles!

JOYCE JOHNSON

D. Baseless fabric of a vision,
Pointless note of exclamation!
Have they come to a decision
Re your ultimate location?
S. Blackpool wanted me, 'twas stated,
Then cried off . . . I wonder why?
D. You were too attenuated
And your figure was too high.
S. All-extinguishing rotunda,
Ponderous carapace of dome!
Is there anyone, I wonder,
Who'll provide *you* with a home?
D. Many towns are on the brink of
Buying me in civic pride—
S. Yes, but none of them can think of
Anything to put inside.

A. M. SAYERS

"What are your views, friend Skylon,
This frosty night?"
"I wish I'd a muffler and tile on
It's cold up here," says the Skylon.
"They'll let me rot the rest of my days,
Fog in my throat and rust in my stays.
And sea-gulls pausing in flight.
Yes, the sea-gulls pause in their flight."

"How about you, Discovery,
This frosty night?
—Feeling the least bit shivery?"
"Cold as a tomb," says Discovery,
"They'll grow pale mushrooms under my roof
Fun gone fungoid—and fair enough
For mushrooms are like a blight
Yes, mushrooms like me are a blight."

P. M.

S. I yearn to know my ultimate destination,
Poised as I am in suspended animation.
D. Inverted saucer, I, without its cup,
Praised to the skies—with cry of "bottoms up."
S. As pure abstraction, lineal without joints,
No one can say I haven't got my points.
D. Prospective buyers find my form appealing,
But curiously object I have no ceiling.
S. For circus folk you'd be a home from home.
D. A motherly, all-embracing dome, sweet dome?
S. Could I symbolise the lure of outer space?
D. So other-worldly?—hardly meets the case.
S. A proper floater! In a sea of troubles!
D. A couple of twentieth-century South Sea bubbles!
S. I sense a dismal future, making man's
Pure, guaranteed, all-British frying pans.

J. F. MARSHALL

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CHESS: The Sword of Damocles

No. 126

Nimzovitch was violently allergic to tobacco and, on one occasion, he is said to have bitterly complained about his opponent exploiting this very phobia to put him off his game. "But he is merely fingering his cigar," said the tournament director. "He hasn't lit up at all, doubtless out of sheer consideration for you." "He is *threatening* to smoke," spluttered the excitable master—truly a remark worthy of a chess player. Do we not all know from bitter experience that a threat may be more potent than its execution? Surely the elder Dionysius, Tyrant of Syracuse, must have been gifted with a chess player's vision when, rather than do away with that tiresome bore Damocles once and for all, he ordered a sword to be kept dangling over the fellow's head on an obviously precarious thread. In Chess we frequently encounter such Damoclesian positions. Here is one, with the Black R at Q1 playing the part of precarious guardian against his King's immediate extinction. So all that White (Berthold Koch, Berlin, 1938) has to do is to remove the guard by (1) R-B8, R-Q2, (2) R-B7, R-Q1, (3) B-K7. Now the thread is cut and the sword no longer dangling. Nothing left for Black, except one miserable little *Racheschach* by R x P. Rather more than a "spite-check," indeed a veritable mating threat was the decisive fact in this instructive position reported in Kurt Richter's excellent booklet *Schachmatt* (de Gruyter, 1950). P-Kt4 would have given White an easy draw, but he must have been blinded by ill-fated over-confidence in his passed P. One should never try to win a drawn ending, particularly not when facing as great an endgame expert as Paul Heuäcker, the famous problemist. This was the case here, and what happened was (1) P-R6?, B x P, (2) P-R7, B-B7!

A: F. Simhovici

In this week's competition **A** — White to win — would seem to be quite generously rated with 5 ladder-points if I add a few hints for the benefit of our less experienced competitors. White's first move is R x R, and obviously Black must retake with the K. After (2) K-Kt2 White needs to count the fingers of one hand only to make sure that he will be just too late to catch the far away P. Yet, he can triumphantly prevail by some shrewd application of the "Damoclesian" method. (If I said any more I might as well print the solution now.) After this, 7 and 8

B: G. Kasparyan 1945

C: V. Bron 1947

points respectively for **B** and **C** may well seem miserly, even if I add the little hint that in both cases—White to win in either—a succession of more or less subtle threats may be considered as the thematic *leitmotiv*.

Usual prizes. Entries by March 10.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set February 9

A: (1) K-Q6, P-Q7. (2) K-B7, P queens. (3) R-R6 ch, PxR (4) P-Kt6 ch, etc.

B: (1) R-QR1, P-Q8 (Q) (2) R-R7 ch, KxP (3) P-B8 (Kt) ch, K-B5. (4) P-Kt5 mate. (3) P queens would lose!

C: (1) B-B7 ch, K-Q5. (2) BxP, K-B6. (3) B-B2, P-K6. (4) K-B1, P-K7. (5) R-Q1! P-K8 (Kt). (6) B-R5, B-B7. (7) B-K2. B-Kt3. (8) K-Q1 etc.

If (8) B-Q1? B-K5! (9) B-R5, Kt-Q6 ch (10) K-Q1, B-Q4! and wins; if (5) . . . P-K8 (B) (6) B-R4! and draws.

Surprisingly, many competitors were undismayed by the subtleties of **C**. Prizes shared by G. S. Fisher, F. M. Hicks, J. J. Kenna, S. Shapira, W. K. White.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Wales. University College of Swansea.—The Council will shortly proceed to appoint a Registrar. Applicants should be University graduates with administrative experience. Initial stipend £1,700 per annum, plus superannuation and family allowance. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College of Swansea, to whom applications must be sent by March 15, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa. Lecturers in Department of Anatomy. Applications are invited for appointment to three posts of full-time Lecturer on the permanent staff of the Department of Anatomy. The salary scale attached to the appointment is £550×£25—£800 p.a. plus a cost-of-living allowance which amounts to £208 per annum in the case of a married man or a single person with dependants, and £109 per annum in the case of others. The duties involve the teaching of Gross Anatomy and/or Microscopic Anatomy and Embryology to undergraduate medical, dental and science students. Applicants need not be medically qualified and those with good qualifications and teaching experience in fundamental sciences, such as Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, will also be considered. Duties are to be assumed as soon as possible. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is April 7, 1952.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. A closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Interviews will be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form and successful candidates may expect early appointments. The posts are divided between the following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including, e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1952; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1952. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have obtained, or be taking examinations during 1952 with a view to obtaining the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or the General Certificate of Education in appropriate subjects, or the Higher National Certificate or other specified qualifications. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Candidates over 20 will generally be expected to have higher qualifications. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer £575-£725 (men); £485-£600 (women) Assistant Experimental Officers £250-£535 (men); £250-£445 (women). Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars and application forms from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/52. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

LONDONDERRY, Northern Ireland. Magee University College. Applications are invited for the following posts: (i) Lectureship in Modern History and Headship of the Department. Commencing salary £900 with F.S.S.U. privileges. (ii) Lectureship in Pure Mathematics. Commencing salary £560 with F.S.S.U. privileges. The successful applicant will be expected to take up duty on October 1, 1952. Last date for receiving applications March 31, 1952. Further particulars can be obtained from the Secretary to the Trustees.

THE University of Birmingham. Post of Librarian. The Council invites applications for the post of Librarian which falls vacant on September 30 next. The post carries the salary and status of a University Professor. Further particulars of the appointment may be obtained from the undersigned. The last date for receiving applications will be March 31. C. J. Burton, Secretary, The University, Birmingham, 3.

THE Institute of Hospital Administrators. Application are invited for the post of Assistant Secretary. Applicants must possess a university degree and should have had administrative experience; some editorial experience and ability to write would also be a considerable advantage. Salary scale £800×£50—£1,000, less superannuation contribution. Applications, stating age, education and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be made immediately to The Secretary, The Institute of Hospital Administrators, 75 Portland Place, London, W.1

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. The University of Otago proposes to appoint a Professor of Botany, to take up office as soon as convenient. Salary £1,500×£100—£1,700 p.a. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is April 30, 1952.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Economics and Commerce. Applications are invited for the post of Research Assistant in Industrial Relations at a salary of £450 a year, rising by two annual increments of £25. The research will be directed mainly to a study of wage trends, and the relation between wages, cost-of-living and productivity. The Research Assistant will have opportunity to undertake some teaching in the Department. Applications (three copies) should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than March 31, 1952.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Duncroft Approved School.—Two members of staff are required for this school where psychiatric treatment is provided. (1) A resident S.E.A.N., or person with nursing experience, to be responsible for the health and general well-being of the girls, and also to assist with general duties. Salary scale if S.E.A.N., £285×£12 10s. to £385. If not S.E.A.N., salary to be determined according to experience and suitability for the post. (2) House Instructress to be responsible for the organisation of housework and for the training of a small group of girls doing this work as part of their school domestic course. Salary: If qualified for the Burnham scale for qualified teacher, £338×£15 to £504, plus three approved school increments. If not qualified, but suitable by experience; £270×£12 to £306. "London Area" teachers allowance payable in addition. Both posts are resident with a charge of £78 p.a., for board and lodging. Applics. should be made as soon as possible to the Headmistress, Duncroft, Moor Lane, Staines, Middx.

ARMY Children's Schools. A Qualified Headmaster is required for the Army Children's School at Klagenfurt, Austria (approximately 60 Infants, 90 Juniors and 80 Secondary Modern, including approximately 50 Residential Pupils). Normal tour of duty will be three years. The post carries the appropriate rate of salary on the current Burnham Scale, plus London Allowance, Headteacher's Allowance of £150 p.a., a Local Allowance and a Free Passage. A married man may later be joined by his family who travel free of charge. Details of application forms may be obtained from the Under Secretary of State, The War Office (A.E.1), Stanmore, Middlesex.

ARMY Children's Schools. Secondment or Appointment of Teachers to Army Children's Schools Overseas. Qualified Men and Women Teachers are required to teach on the staffs of Army Children's Schools overseas. Vacancies exist at present in Far East and West Africa. Normal tour of duty will be three years in Far East, and two periods of 18 months in West Africa. Teachers will be civilians with officer status and will receive appropriate rate of salary on current Burnham Scale, plus London Allowance, Outfit Allowance and Free Passage. Married male teachers can later be joined by their families who travel free of charge. Details and application forms may be obtained from the Under Secretary of State, The War Office (A.E.1), Stanmore, Middlesex.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Finsbury. Director of Housing. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Director of Housing at a salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T. X of the National Scales, viz.: £870-£1,000, plus £30 "London Weighting." Applicants must have extensive experience in management of housing properties and must possess organising and administrative ability. The appointment will be subject generally to the National Joint Council Conditions of Service to the successful passing of a medical examination, and to the provisions of the Council's Superannuation Scheme. Applications, giving details of experience and qualifications, together with copies of three recent testimonials, and endorsed "Director of Housing," must reach me not later than March 9, 1952. Canvassing in any form will disqualify. John E. Fishwick, Town Clerk. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1.

EAST Suffolk County Council. Borough of Lowestoft Committee for Education. Applications are invited from trained and experienced women and men for the post of Leader to a Mixed Club in the North of the Borough. The Club has its own premises, including Leader's flat. Salary for trained leaders according to the Burnham Scale for Teachers (Women: £338×£15—£504; men £375×£18—£630). Other applicants with satisfactory experience may be considered (salary scale, women, £300×£12—£408; men, £330×£15—£435). Full particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Borough Education Officer, 49 High Street, Lowestoft. Applications must be received within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement. Applications from previous advertisement still under consideration.

FAMILY Service Units require Resident Caseworkers, men and women, for pioneer work with problem families. Apply F. S. U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ESSEX Education Committee. Qualified part-time Phy Therapist for 5 sessions per week required for Mid-Essex Child Guidance Clinic at Chelmsford. Payment will be at the rate of 11 guineas per session. Application form and further particulars obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

PHYSICAL Training mistress wanted May. Resident post. Boarding School 110 girls. Recognised secondary school. Burnham scale. Superannuation. Lacrosse, tennis, netball, swimming. Apply Headmistress, Southover Manor School, Lewes, Sussex.

CANE Hill Hospital Management Committee, Coulsdon, Surrey. Applications are invited for the position of Psychiatric Social Worker. The hospital provides accommodation for over 2,000 male and female patients and serves a wide area in South London, where five out-patient clinics are held. Clerical assistance is provided. Applicants must hold a Mental Health Certificate apptoved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers. Salary will be in accordance with the recommendations of the J.N.C. Applications, giving the names of two referees, should be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

PROGRESSIVE Post for Young Man aged 22-26 yrs., with a degree in Arts or Politics & Economics and a good command of arithmetic. The successful applicant will start as a Junior Assistant in our Accounts Department and if he follows an approved course of study leading to professional qualification as a Cost Accountant he will be entitled to promotion. The Company is efficient and progressive and the widest scope is given to persons with initiative and intelligence for personal development. Apply in writing to: The Personnel Welfare Worker, Aston Chain & Hook Co., Ltd., Bromford Lane, Birmingham, 24.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE. Kneesworth Hall, Nr. Royston (Herts). Assistant Matron required for this special approved School of about 40 boys between the ages of 14 and 19. The post should appeal to a woman of mature sympathies, interested in the problems of adolescent boys, and at the same time capable of taking a share in running a large household. Salary on a scale £255 by £10 to £308, with a repayment of £78 p.a. for board and lodging. Apply to Headmaster giving age and fullest particulars.

SURREY County Council. Education Committee. Appointment of Full-time Youth Club Leaders. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for: (i) The Surbiton Youth Club, Surbiton, Surrey. (ii) The Ewell Youth Club, Wimbledon, Surrey. Both Clubs meet in their own premises. Practical experience of work in mixed clubs is essential, and preference will be given to applicants who have recognised Certificate of Training. Salary in accordance with the approved scale, i.e., Men: £350×£20—£500 per annum. Women: £320×£20—£440 per annum, plus London Weighting. Forms of application, with full particulars, obtainable on receipt of stamped (2½d.) addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, and should be returned within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE County Council. Children's Committee. Superintendent and Matron, Raunds Homes. Applications are invited for the joint appointment of Superintendent and Matron at the Children's Homes (2), Raunds, near Wellingborough, which accommodate 38 boys and girls of school age. Applicants should be married couples with a genuine affection for children and an understanding of the difficulties of children deprived of a normal home life. A wide experience of children and a willingness to try new methods is essential. Salary in accordance with the recommendations of the National Joint Council—Superintendent £292×£15—£382, Matron £262×£15—£352 per annum, plus residential emoluments, valued for superannuation purposes, at £198 per annum in each case. The appointment will be subject to the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the persons appointed will be required to pass a medical examination. Forms of application may be obtained from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Northampton, and must be returned not later than March 8, 1952. J. Alan Turner, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Northampton.

NIGHT Warden required, London Hostel for Homeless People of all ages. Applicans must have Christian and social outlook. Living accommodation if required. 5 nights a week. 45-hour week. Apply in writing, stating age, experience and salary to E. T. Green, Room 17, Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, W.C.2.

MARRIED couples without children required as Hosts and Hostesses for Guest Houses, various parts of England. Knowledge of catering for numbers, staff organisation and control, and ability to run social evenings, etc. Liking for people essential. Commencing salary £208 and £156 respectively, plus full residential emoluments. Box 9271.

ASSISTANT Warden required (Female), prepared to undertake canteen cooking, London Hostel for Homeless People of all ages. Applicants must have Christian and social outlook. Apply in writing, stating age, experience, and salary to E. T. Green, Room 17, Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WARDEN and Cook wanted for Holiday House (accommodation 30) for Youth Clubs at Llangollen from July 26-August 9. Suitable post for two friends, but separate applications will be received. Application form and particulars from The Liverpool Union of Girls' and Mixed Clubs (Inc.), 19 Williamson St., Liverpool, 1.

ASSISTANT Matron required for hostel for 30 residents suffering from mental and nervous disorders. Applications in writing with full details of qualifications and experience to the Secretary, Jewish Board of Guardians, 127 Middlesex St., London, E.1.

WANTED, Resident Secretary for nursing home, London area, immediate. Typing and shorthand, experience P.A.Y.E. Must be good at figures. Write "S.N.H." c/o Dixons, 1-9, Hills Place, Oxford St., W.1.

SUPERINTENDENT and Assistant Worker, C. of E., for Hostel for 12 problem children (girls). Some exper. with children essential. Moral Welfare training if possible. Write: Miss Little, 40 Queen's College Chambers, Paradise St., Birmingham.

ASSISTANT Warden required (Male) London Hostel for Homeless People of all ages. Applicants must have Christian and social outlook. Accommodation if required. Apply in writing, stating age, experience, and salary required, to E. T. Green, Room 17, Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, W.C.2.

APPLICATIONS invited by Y.W.C.A. for post of Leader (woman) in Whitehaven. Enthusiasm, initiative and organising ability and experience in similar Christian work essential. Commencing salary £320-£350. Apply by letter, Training & Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A., 108 Baker St., W.1.

SOCIAL Leaders required for family Holiday Camps (not licensed). Interest in people, outdoor activities, old-time dancing. Good mixers. Box 9272.

VACANCIES in London and Manchester for men with experience of Leadership in Physical Training. Ability to organise large numbers in all branches of physical and recreational activities. Apply in writing, giving full particulars of experience and qualifications to: P.T. Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.As, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

NORTH-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., Kentish Town, London, N.W.5. Wanted Female Shorthand Typist, under 25. Wage 90s. at 16, rising annually by 6s. weekly to 162s. Male Clerk, under 21. Wage at 16 is 69s. weekly, rising annually by 9s. weekly to 198s. Refectory available, good holidays and superannuation scheme. Applications to Clerk to the Governors, at above address, without delay.

CIRCULATION Manager wanted for leading London weekly. Excellent prospects. Write stating full details and salary required. All replies treated in strictest confidence. Box 9214.

FILMSTRIP Production Executive required by publishers of Visual Aids for Education. Duties will include supervision of records and filmstrip printing. Methodical mind and knowledge of photographic processes an advantage. Salary £450 p.a. Write stating full qualifics. and exp. to Common Ground (1951), Ltd., Sydney Place, S.W.7.

EDITORIAL Reader required by publishers of Visual Aids for Education. Woman graduate preferred. Salary £350 p.a. Write stating qualifications and exp. to Common Ground (1951), Ltd., Sydney Place, S.W.7.

SENIOR Assistant (teacher), Cook-Housekeeper, Housemother and Maintenance man are wanted for a Progressive School (Food Reform) in Cotswolds. Apply stating qualifications, etc., to Box 9221.

COOK wanted for Jewish Blind Society's Home for 60 residents. Within easy reach London. Excellent pay and conditions. Apply Matron, "Rokeffell," Westcott, nr. Dorking, Surrey. Westcott 15.

WOMAN, energetic, cheerful, wanted run Hampstead flat. Essential understands children (two, school). Easy atmosphere. Good wages. Resident. Box 9222.

PINEWOOD, Anwellbury, Herts, requires a cook and a teacher. Elizabeth Strachan: Ware 52.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SEEKING an interesting job in U.K. or Abroad: Holder of Geneva Univ. Interpreter Translator Diploma. Spanish, Engl., French, German. Eng. woman 23 yrs. British Subject. Shorthand-Typing, Engl. French German. Driving licence. Box 9023.

LADY widow of Senior Civil Servant, 50, would housekeep in own home for gentleman. Good cook, companionable, good natured, intelligent. Box 8991.

YOUNG Woman, 28, capable secretary wants useful part full-time work. Can work evenings. Box 9138.

IMPECUNIOUS Painter Writer (35 yrs. job May-Sept., Devon C wall (pref. coast). Unskilled all trades but willing tackle any work requiring common sense and courtesy. Expd. driver, 5-6 finger typist, fond animals. Reply please Box 9139.

FIRST Class Honours grad. French & German, competent Russian, seks. position of interest home/abroad. Box 9248.

(Appointments Wanted—contd. on page 258)

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

MAN, 32, last 2½ yrs. Artists' Manager well-known internat. Opera/Concert Agency, sks. more remunerative employment in musical world/elsewhere. B.A. Hons. (Oxon). Mod. Langs. (Fr., Ger.). Box 9085.

EDUCATED German girl, 26, 9 months in England, fluent English and French, typist (own typewriter), piano teacher, seeks responsible and interesting post. England or abroad. References. Write fully. Box 9122.

YOUNG woman, 24, educated, intelligent, travelled, experienced Secretary, 3 years U.N., high speeds French/English, car driver, pleasant-natured, gift of patience with difficult employers, but no mouse, seeks post abroad. Box 8990.

HARDWORKERS? 2 talented students sk. work after Degree. June-Oct. Anywhere, any kind. Able bodies, able minds. French, Ger. Goodall, Gorpus Christi, Oxford.

RETIRED Civil Servant, own car, glad of any job where 30 years driving experience useful. PUT 1418.

ITALIAN Engineer (mech.-radio) 31, prospers, stay in England 2 yrs. or more, wide interests, seeks congenial post. Research work preferred. Box 9236.

YOUNG woman, published writer, expd. secy., travelled, driver, wants job scope artistic or human interests. Box 9024.

ASSOCIATIONS, Voluntary organisations and others. P.R.O., expd., aware of present problems, offers services on part-time basis. Box 9003.

EDUCATED Scotsman, middle 40's, industrious, adaptable, sks. part-time work, anything considered. Box 9002.

TWO Sociology finalists (24), internationalists, experienced interviewing, organising, large-scale cooking, waitressing, gardening, one driving perfect German, seek jobs June end Sept. Box 8971.

EDUCATED young middle-aged lady Accountant Secretary/Bursar Receptionist or all combined, requires responsible appointment. Pref. education, books, fashions, theatre. Free early summer. Box 8931.

WOMAN (35), exp. sec./receptionist/hse. kpg., seeks worthwhile job. Box 9179.

EDUCATED lady, good cook, interested in her work and experienced in numbers up to 30, desires rev. post, pref. Devon, as cook (or asst. for large numbers) in school or somewhere where daughter 11 and son 8 can be with her. Has exp. in general hotel work. Free mid-April. Box 9027.

SCHOLARSHIPS

CO-OPERATIVE College, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire. Principal R. L. Marshall, O.B.E., M.A. At the adult residential college which includes a department of social studies, the following scholarships are available for session 1952/53: (1) National Scholarships of the value of £160 each to cover a full session of three terms. (2) Jubilee Research Scholarship of the value of £280–£300 for research into the development of the Co-operative Movement. Full information and forms of entry from the College Administrative Officer. The forms of entry are to be returned by April 21, 1952.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

A SPRING Tonic! Spend a happy weekend at Sunny Brighton in handsome Regency Private Hotel—good food, comfortable beds, h. & c. all rooms. A very special welcome to London visitors. Incl. Terms: Fri. Dinner to Mon. Breakfast, 2gns. Special Easter Weekend Terms, 2½gns. Court House Hotel, 4 Cavendish Place (opp. West Pier), Brighton. Tel.: 21484.

COSSINGTON Guest House, near Bridgwater, Somerset, for a country holiday. Excellent cuisine. Terms 5 to 6gns. in season, 4gns. to May.

CORNWALL. Comf. accom. all mod. conveniences, 11 miles from beautiful sandy beach. Good food. 5gns. weekly all incl. Gooding, Mount Hawke, Nr. Truro.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Nr. East Grinstead. You can golf, walk, ride or laze in front of big log fires. Lovely furniture, Persian carpets and a friendly atmosphere. Good food too. Sharpthorne 17.

BRONTE Guest House, Haworth, Keighley, Yorkshire. Moorland holidays with literary interest. H. and c. Interior spring beds. Comfortable informal house. Good fare. Haworth 2313.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

RYDAL, Ambleside. Country House situated in good walking country. Outdoor sanitation, electric lighting. Bus service three minutes from house. Tennis and Golf in Ambleside, one mile away. Hill Climbing and Fishing within easy reach; Putting and Bowls available. Safe bathing. Double rooms, 3. Terms: Adults £5 15s. 6d.; Children £2 19s. 6d. Babies (1 to 3 years) £1 15s. O.S.A. Tours, 74r Causeyside St., Paisley.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Gwernyvdd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. Mrs. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trawsfynydd. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

TINTAGEL, Cornwall, Trethevy House Private Hotel. Overlooking beautiful Rocky Valley to the sea and situated on 12th century site of St. Piran's monastery. Excellent accommodation and home cooking. Write for brochure. Tel. Tintagel 57.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain scenery. Eskdale, Wasdale, Great Gable, etc. Sea. Golf. Billiards. Table Tennis. Licensed. Irton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

DONEGAL Bay, Eire. Fine village situation. Sea. Mountains. Murray, The Manor, Dunkineely.

EDINBURGH (West End). Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. CEN. 4871.

THE Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. Superb position, new management, fresh ideas, extensive improvements. Modest terms for early Spring holidays. Rye 2216.

SWITZERLAND. Lake of Thun district, modern comf., excel. food, incl. charge from 12 francs (£1) per day. Specially reduced terms early & late season. Write Hotel Seeblick, Aeschi, bei Berner, Oberland.

STEANBRIDGE. Quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley welcomes people of every nationality all the year round. Unspoilt country; home-grown produce; breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, Nr Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2312.

TYE Rock Hotel, Porthleven, S. Cornwall. Ideal for spring and early summer holidays. Directly facing sea in own grounds. Abundant home-cooked food. All modern comforts. A.A. recommended. 'Phone 316.

FINHAUT, Switzerland. Beautiful mountain village near Mont Blanc. Good hotels and all amenities. Very low inclusive prices. Easy journey from Victoria. British representative: C. Rackett, No. 8, South Drive, Maidleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel: 2812.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel —33 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 6gns. wkly., 7-9gns. June onwards. Tel. 1944.

PEMBROKESHIRE cliffs for flowers and birds. Guests in Naturalist's country bungalow. Pegity Cot, St. Davids.

PARIS. You are sure of every comfort at the Imperial Hotel, 45 rue de la Victoire, 9e. Tel. TRInité 10-47. Single rooms at 700 francs, double at 900. Quiet, central. Write for brochure or booking.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House in loveliest beauty spot on South Coast. 3 min. sandy beach. h. & c., Continental cooking. Children welcomed. Mrs. Golding, "Waveney," Park Rd. 'Phone 2804.

PORTH TOCYN Hotel, nr. Abersoch, on own headland, has finest Sea and Mountain views in Wales. Tennis, Sailing, Golf. All usual modern comforts plus intelligent cooking & willing service. Tel. Abersoch 66.

OAKELEY Arms Hotel, Tany-y-Bwlch, Merioneth, for real comfort in beautiful country. Peace, fishing, good company, good fare & wines. Tel. Penrhyndeudraeth 213.

CÔTE d'Azur. Hotel Lubiane, Vence (1,300ft) 10 mins. from Nice. Full pension, personal attention. £8 p.w. inclusive.

BOGNOR. Comfortable guest house. Good food, separate tables, elec. fires. H. & C. Widworthy, Sylvan Way. Tel. 350.

FRENCH Riviera: Hotel Séviané, Roquebrune Cap Martin. Flowered terrace overlks. sea. Ideal climate. Excel. cuisine. Mod. charges. 1,000 yards from Monte-Carlo Casino. Open all year. R. Prévot.

FARM Holidays—Unique book describing Britain's best holiday farms. 2s. 3d. post paid. Farm Guide, Dept. NSN., 49 Broomland, Paisley.

BLUEBELL woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks; simple accom., friendly people, quiet Pennine valley. From 3½gns. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge.

CHARMOUTH House, Charmouth, Dorset. Small hotel for people of discernment. Reduced terms for long bookings to May. Summer bookings from May.

CORNWALL in Spring plus Castle Rock Hotel, Port Isaac, equals the ideal holiday —why not try it? Incl. tariff Easter/July, 6-7gns. High Season, 7-8gns. Write for brochure now! (A.A., R.A.C.)

CORNWALL. Trehartrock Manor & Farm. Spring comes early in this sheltered coastal valley. Jersey cream, farm produce, superb cooking, restful atmosphere. Port Isaac 234.

CONTINENTAL, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea, hôtel socialiste, bonne table, agréable compagnie, prix modérés.

HOLIDAYS Woolacombe, Glorious Devon. Board residence, very comfortable house adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Write Mrs. M. Garness, "Sea-View."

YOU are sure of a Happy Holiday at the well-known Left-wing Guest House Nethenwood, The Ridge, Hastings. Write B. Kaye, Tel. Baldslow 19.

SWITZERLAND. Hotel Pension Ländle. Oberhofen a/Thunersee. Sm. Hotel directly by Lake. V. mod. prices. Families welcome.

SURREY Crest International Holiday Centre, Godstone. Vacancies for groups/individuals. Inexpensive holidays in Surrey Hills. Facils. for summer Schools. For brochure write/phone Godstone 215.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food. Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, E. Sussex.

DEVON & Cornwall. Delightful, inexpensive holidays. Dawlish-Newquay. 1952 illustrated brochure 18 free. Bishop, Fairfield Guest House, Dawlish.

HOSTELLERIE du Gros Pin, Le Bruse, Var. Unspoiled corner on Riviera. Fine cuisine. Bathing/fishing. From 1,200frs. daily. Write for details. Anglo-French Proprietor.

EIRE Achill Island, Mountain View Hotel, Dugort, Co. Mayo. Situated 'midst mountain and sea. Safe bathing. Good food, Bus passes door. Apply: Mrs. Hoban.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing. 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms for children. Brochure (stamp). N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Ryde, I. of W.

C/O Galway, Clifden, Rock Glen Hotel. Country house touring centre for 12 Bens of Connemara. 16 bedrooms, h. & c. Oliver St. G. Hawksley, proprietor.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Cent. heating. Billiards, library. Fishing, golf, lakes. Comf. and good food. Perm. residents special rates. A.A., R.A.C. Tel. 71.

SPRING and early Summer, S. Devon. Lovely position 200ft above estuary, 2½ miles beach. Bus to gates. Extensive gardens, games, music, books. H. & c. all bedrms. Home produce. Children welc. Bkg. from Mar. 22. Murley Grange, Bishopsteignton, Teignmouth.

WORTHING—Home of poet Henley. Highest standard catering, comfort, real individual attention. 5-7gns. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621. Brochure.

NOW is the time to book for your Spring or Summer holiday! Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, set amidst glorious scenery, offers good food and comfort in friendly atmosphere. Vegans catered for. Member Vegetarian Catering Association. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

HASTINGS. Oakhurst Hotel, The Ridge. 10 acres. Exc. cuisine. 5½gns. Brochure.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

SPACIOUS & comfortable furn. bed-sitting room with breakfast, to let in Barrister's London house. 2 mins. Swiss Cottage Underground. 2gns. wkly. Box 8890.

LADY hus furn. bed-sitting room. Use kitchen, bath. Quiet house Clapham Common. Business lady pref. incl. Box 8964.

CONVALESCING? Tired? Home-hunting? Be warm, comfortable and cheered at Eton Rest Home & Guest House, 1 Eton Avenue, Swiss Cottage, London, N.W.3. Tel. PRI. 9072. For convalescent people of all ages. Beautiful accommodation. Lounge with television and log fires. Excellent catering with nursing staff available day & night.

HIGHGATE, large bed-sit., incl. breakf., evg. snack, Sun. lunch. 3gns. Box 7958.

FURN. 6-rmd. new maisonette Kensington. Garage, gdns., 10gns. p.w. PAR. 7912.

IN bachelor's flat W. Hampstead near Tube, single bed-sit. room, newly decorated. Rent 45s. incl. All conveniences. Box 9181.

STUDENTS' Hostel (girls) run in conjunction with Sec. Colls., all meals. Highly recom. 53 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7.

SUPERIOR single bed-sitting room, moderate rent. Phone Willesden 1644.

HAMPSTEAD. Accom. Arts Students. Breakfast, dinner, full week-end meals. Baths, hot water free. Mod. charge. Box 9265.

W.8. Large furn. divan bed-sit. room; own kit. Suit quiet prof. lady. KEN. 5803 day, WES. 0986 evening.

COMFORTABLY furn. flatlets to let, singles, doubles, pleasantly situated on main bus routes. TUDor 8965 evenings.

FURN. service suites and rooms, some with private bathrooms, available at: 30 Queens Gate, C.H.W., breakfast only, WES. 0738; 121 Sloane St., C.H.W. & C.H., no food but light cooking facilities for each tenant, SLO. 6009; Craven Hill Hotel, 22a Craven Hill Gardens; Residential Hotel, PAD. 4870.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms. with board, reasonable.

AT 8 Beaufort Gardens, Knightsbridge, S.W.3, furnished rooms, c.h.w., cent. heating, etc., with good service and breakfast, 3½ and 4gns. Kensington 4367.

WELL-furn. Divan Rooms. C.H.W. Svce. Linen, cooking facils. Sgl. £2 6s., Dbl. fr. £3 5s. 27 Upper Addison Gdns., W.14.

PROFESSIONAL woman (or 2) invited to take 2 (or 3) rooms in charming flat overlooking river, West London. Three (or four) gns. wkly. Box 9134.

LADY offers attractive accom. in country house—Oxford 12 miles. Would suit artist or writer. Box 9081.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

SERVICE Rms. H. & C., gas/elec. fires. Res. Manager. From 3½gns. 6gns. dble. incl. brkfst. Dinner avail. Perm. residents welcome. 11 Sumner Pl., S.W.7. KEN. 9854.

ISLAND of Islay. Ideal furnished family cottage, right on sea, free April 26 to June 30 and after Sept. 25. Completely modernised, full equipment, bath, electricity, etc. Sleeps 6. Glorious coast, fishing, boating. Excellent books, music. Box 9071.

STONE house on cliff N.W. Anglesey, 7 bedrms., to let April (min. 3 wks.) or summer. 7-12gns. GIP. 2038. Box 9076.

GEORGIAN house in rural Essex available for, during Spring/Summer several months, possibly longer. Near coast, yet within daily reach London. Lovely gardens, fruit orchards, paddocks, two garages. House completely modernised, twelve rooms (sleep fifteen), two bathrooms, large kitchen quarters. Ideal two families sharing. Box 9125.

ATTRACTIVE 5-rmd. cottage, furn., nr. Bala. El., h. & c., Elsan. Mod. rent long/short periods during year. Box 8907.

FURNISHED Cott., sunny Wicklow village, 15 miles Dublin. 3 rms., water, elec. To let monthly. Mills, 28 Herbert Pl., Dublin.

FAMILY wishes rent furn. cott. (moderate) quiet spot S.-S.W. coast, nr. safe bathing July 25-Aug. 22; would exchange 3-bedrm. hse., tel. garage, frig., N.W. London, for same period. Box 9136.

DESPERATE to find permanent home. Mother and child. Flat, furn. unfurn. S.C. London. Box 9000.

MOTHER and daughter, well-bred but homeless and obliged to live apart, urgently need small unfurnished flat in London area. Box 8899.

UNFURNISHED flat in N.W. or W. London required by young professional couple. 2-3 rooms about £3 10s. p.w. Willing to redecorate. Box 9080.

SPACIOUS unfurnished mansion flat required. Box 9091.

WRITER wants buy freehold small house or cottage, England or Scotland, within easy bus distance libraries, booksellers, shops; one large sitting room, one small; 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bathroom; piped water supply, electricity. Very moderate price. Box 9074.

YOUNG teaching couple seek un/semi- or fully furnished flat. 2-4 rooms. May latest. Moderate rent. Box 9048.

FURN. house wanted mid-May 7 to 9 mths. 3 bedrooms, mod. con., crockery, cutlery, linen. Anywhere U.K. Reply airmail: P.O. Box 600, Mwanza, Tanganyika.

CAMBRIDGE or near. Arts Council officer and wife require unfurnished or part-furnished accommodation from mid-March. Commander, 1 Grosvenor Villas, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 2.

HOUSEHUNTING? Then read "The Homefinder." Over 1,000 houses advertised for sale in each issue. 9d. monthly from newsagents. By post 1s.: Homefinders Ltd. (N.S.), 42 Wool Exchange, London, E.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street," (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

INVISIBLE Mending on all garments—7-day service. Hosiery Mending 3-day Service. Post or call. Bell Invisible Menders, Ltd., 22 New Bond St., London, W.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

AVOID furs got by torture; particularly ermine. Write for Fur Crusade leaflets from Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Rd., London, S.W.10. Funds are needed.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

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FURNITURE made to fit your home. Built-in cupboards, bookshelves, occasional furniture, repairs. French polishing. Original Furniture Craft, Ltd., 105 Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAL. 7671. 7693.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 280

URCHFONT Manor. Selected April Courses: April 14-20 (Easter Course), "The Arts in America To-day." A survey of American Civilisation and its influence on Europe. April 25-27, "Love for Love." A week-end study of Congreve's play for members of dramatic societies and the general theatregoer. Details and full summer programme from The Warden (A), Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

POTTERY Course in Bath at Easter. Mon., Apr. 7-Fri., Apr. 18. Full partics.: John Shelly, Bath Pottery, 39 Gay St., Bath.

THE Bedford Physical Training College. Principal, Miss Eileen Alexander. Students are trained to become teachers of all branches of Physical Education. Course extends over 3 years. Apply Sec., 37 Lansdowne Rd., Bedford.

NORTH Regional Association for the Blind. Training Course 1952-53. A nine months' Training Course for Prospective Home Teachers of the Blind will be held in Manchester commencing in October, 1952. It will prepare candidates for the Examination for the Home Teaching Certificate of the College of Teachers of the Blind to be held in July, 1953. This certificate is the requisite qualification for the post of Home Teacher of the Blind, salary scale being £440+£15 to £485 p.a. Candidates must be between 21 and 41 years of age on June 30, 1953. The Course gives instruction in Braille, Moon, handicrafts, professional knowledge (legalisation and services for the Blind), practical training in the field, etc. Tuition fee for the Course £75. Brochure and full details on application to the Secretary, North Regional Association for the Blind, 17 Blenheim Terrace, Leeds, 2. Closing date for application June 30, 1952.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol. June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday at Koessen in the Inn Valley with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature, Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 22*gns.*: 21 days, 26*gns.*) covers all travel, accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. After paying for accommodation, meals, etc., spending money left out of your £25 currency allowance will be £16 for 14 days. Write for leaflet "1952 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

LANGHAM Secretarial College provides comprehensive secretarial and finishing courses, with languages and current affairs. Resident and day students; canteen. Interesting posts found after Diploma. Early vacancies. Autumn courses now enrolling. Prospectus: Principal, 18 Dumraven St., Park Lane, W.1. Tel.: MAYfair 2904/5.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to: F. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. Ham. 5981.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accom. arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

A CENTRE for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening Classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners & all grades. English for Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman Street, Marble Arch, W.1. May. 4640.

BOOK-KEEPING is a basic subject for advancement and promotion. You, too, can learn double-entry book-keeping within two weeks by post. Brochure free on request. Randall Stott & Company, 30 Spring Gardens, Manchester, 2.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. (Mrs. Whorwell.) BAY. 2816.

PERSONAL

TICKETS for special late bus leaving Hampstead Arts Ball at 2 a.m. (terminus Chelsea), Friday, Mar. 7, from Bert Davie, 5 King Henry's Rd., or from Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3.

HOSPITALITY urgently needed night of Sat., March 8, for delegates National Assembly of Women (for Peace and Better Living Standards). Please send to I.W.D. (Hospitality), 174 Uxbridge Rd., W.12. SHE. 2180.

EXPERIENCED estate agent and architect can act for owners of property in West Berlin; and for industrial/commercial firms. Write for full particulars to: Graeber, Berlin-Wilmersdorf, Detmolderstrasse 50.

CONFERENCE House: A large and suitably equipped house in ideal surroundings, 30 miles from London, is available for conferences throughout summer months. Moderate terms. Accommodation for 40 in single and double rooms. Box 9006.

YNG. Englishwoman, bi-lingual, exc. spds. Eng. sht. Eng./Fr. typ., wide Pers. Asst. exp., 4 yrs. U.N., arriving French Riviera end May, interested work polit./lit. writer or other post that area. Box 7877.

PERSONAL—continued

ROME. Large modern furnished flat available mid-April to mid-May, all services. £25 to responsible tenants. CUN. 6378.

SOUTH France: To let on ramparts Mougins near golf and sea, Cannes 3 miles, s.c. luxury furn. flat, garden-balcony & view. 3 rooms, kitchen, bath. Six months May-Oct. 31*gns.* Box 9013.

NORFOLK Broads. Incsp. holiday June/July. Comf. liveboat. Sleeps 4. £6 6*s.* a wk. Sunderland Taylor, Culpho, Nr. Ipswich.

FRENCH girl shs. pos. au pair in family. Shap, 4 Rue Petits Champs, Paris.

COUPLE want to rent furnished house, country or coast, as Guest House. Experienced caterers and organisers. Box 9121.

LE vrai accent by private lessons with Frenchwoman teacher. KEN. 3000.

HOLIDAY Caravan to let nr. sea. 9 Valda Rd., Weston-S.-Mare.

MUSCLE-Remedial exercises, post-operational (hip arthroplasty) wanted April onwards: open air/indoor; S. England, near London pref. (or France?). Suggestions please to Box 13496, ext. 63.

FRENCH Graduate (Sorbonne) specialises in Literature coaching and detailed commentary on French texts for University Scholarships, entrances and G.C.E. Phone HAM. 7596.

SCHOOL Holidays. Your children (5-18 years) can meet boys and girls from other countries at Odam Hill School & Children's Farm, S. Molton, Devon. Riding, music, acting, competitions, etc. July 29-Sept. 16. Also month of April. R. A. & A. J. Falkner, B.A.

FAMILY, three, boy 12, meagre funds, seek holiday accom., 2 weeks July. Anywhere, country/sea: would caretake/similar. Any suggestions? Box 9139.

PARIS for Easter, 4 days with all fares £12 17*s.* 6*d.* Summer 8 days all-incl. £14 17*s.* 6*d.* I.U.S.Y. Travel Service, Ltd., 21 Struttons Ground, S.W.1. ABB. 6894.

VENCE, attractive flat for 3 to let early June for 4 to 6 weeks, £5 p.w. Chernavsky, route Tourette, Vence, A.M.

NOMADIC camp/hol. by truck, France. 1 July/Aug. 14 days £22 inc. (approx). Box 9030.

HOLIDAYS of every type for people who take their pleasures energetically. Walking and climbing holidays in 16 countries, described in our programme. Write to Ramblers' Association, 48*a* Park Road, N.W.1.

JUGOSLAVIA and Austria. Very favourable rate of exchange. 15 days lovely Dalmatian Coast £36. 14 days in Austrian Tyrol £31. (Both allow ample spending money.) Write to-day for full details to Dept. N.S.A., Apal Travel, Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. 'Phone MUSeum 9351.

CORSICA. The best value for your money and your £25 allowance. London/Corsica by air and fortnight at the Camp de l'Horizon on the beautiful Bay of Calvi for £39 10*s.*, only £13 which comes out of your currency allowance. Wonderful bathing, constant sunshine, perfect freedom. For illustrated brochure apply to: Horizon Holidays, Limited, 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. Telephone: City 7163/4.

HANDWRITING delineation. Expert. Write 50 words, 3*s.* P.O. S.A.E. Box 9047.

MATHS., personal tuition by post. S. Bacon, B.Sc., 136 Coombe Rd., Salisbury.

PIANO Lessons for beginners and advanced pupils given by Professor of the Vienna Academy. EUS. 3466, ext. 63.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Private lessons and instruction classes in Ballroom Dancing. Welbeck 4841.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

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PERSONAL—continued

"WHAT Are Universities For?" J. F. Wolfenden, Sir Richard Livingstone, S. C. Roberts, Denis Saurat and others in the February and March issues of "The Fortnightly," 4 Sobo Square, London, W.1. The two issues 7*s.*, post free.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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ENTERTAINMENTS

WINTER Gdn. Christopher Fry's "The Firstborn." Evgs. 7. Th. 2.30. St. 5 & 8. Alex Clunes. Last 2 weeks. Com. Mar. 14. "The Constant Couple." Hol. 8881.

ARTS. (Tem. 3334.) 7 (ex. Mon.). St. Sun. 5 & 8. "To See Ourselves." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Last perfs. "Mother Goose." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.30. Mems. "The Candy Story" opens March 7.

WORLD Premiere! Boltons Theatre, S. Ken. Nightly at 8 (excluding Mondays). Henry James' "Still Waters" followed by his "The High Bid"—Hugh Burden, Hermione Hannen, Dá A. Clarke-Smith, Jenny Laird. "An afternoon of sheer delight."—Max Beerbohm. "Inexpressibly delightful, incorrigibly impassible."—Bernard Shaw. Club Mems. 5s. Hot meals, Club-bar. Box Office KEN. 7544.

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MERCURY (PAR. 5700) Sun., Mar. 2, 8 p.m. Poetry Rdg. Margaret Rawlings, C. Day Lewis, Alan Wheatley. 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until March 2: "Edouard et Caroline" (A). From March 3, The Marius Trilogy. (1) Raimu in "Marius" (A). And two films by Humphrey Jennings (U).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3131. March 2, 7.30, "The Mozart Story" (U).

CHINESE Films: a new full-length colour documentary with English commentary, "Victory of the Chinese People," premiere at Conway Hall, W.C.1, Fri., Mar. 14, 7.30. Tkts. 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., from Britain-China Friendship Assocn., 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2. (S.a.e., please.)

FILM Society—Tooting. Mar. 17: revival of Valentino's greatest film, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," 1921. Members free; Guests 2s. Details & prosp. from Sec., 98 Fishponds Rd., S.W.17. BAL. 3506.

"DONETS Miners": Premiere of great Soviet colour film. 7.30, March 24, Scala Theatre. Tickets: 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s., 7s. 6d., from Edit. Ctee., B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. (CLE. 4161.) Cash and stamped, addressed envelope with order.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Mon. next, Mar. 3, 7.30. Society for Twentieth Century Music presents: Rene Soames, Frederick Stone, Gilbert Webster & The Dennis Brain Wind Quintet in works by Arnold Schoenberg, Bernard van Dieren, Daniel Jones & Roberto Gerhard. Tkts. 6s. 6d., 4s. 9d., 3s. 6d., from all Hampstead agents & Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. MAYfair 7600.

HENRY Wood Birthday Promenade Concert, Royal Albert Hall, Mon., Mar. 3, at 7.30. Symphony No. 8 (Beethoven), Arias (Mozart), Violin Concerto (Brahms), Portrait No. 1 for Violin & Orch. (Bartok), Enigma Variations (Elgar), Szigeti, John Heddle Nash (First public appearance in London). London Symphony Orchestra. Sir Malcolm Sargent. Tickets: 10s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 4s., 3s. 6d., Promenade 2s., all in advance, from Hall, Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

BACH'S B Minor Mass with full orchestra, Hampstead Parish Church, Tuesday, March 11, 8 p.m.

WIGMORE Hall, Monday, March 3, at 7.30 p.m., the brilliant young English Pianist, Leslie Moorhouse, in a programme of Mozart, Schumann, Beethoven, Brahms, Vallier and Chopin. Tickets: Wigmore Hall (Tel. WEL. 2141), Anglo-Austrian Music Society (Tel.: WES 9004/9173), and usual agents.

Y.P.C. (Jewish National Fund) presents Mark Hambourg in "The Eighth Octave," Saturday, March 1, 8.30 p.m. (doors open 8 p.m.); Caxton Hall, S.W.1. 3s. 6d. at door.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Recital by Sybil Copeland (violin), Harold Harriott (viola), Arvon Davies (Pianoforte). Sunday, March 2, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tuesday, Mar. 4, at 7.45 p.m. Concert of Music by Martinu, on gramophone records, introduced by Stephen Jolly. Adm. free. All welcome.

LEAP Year Party for the young in heart! Friday, Feb. 29, 8 p.m. Dancing, games, prizes, surprises. International Youth Centre, 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3. Adm. 1s. 6d.

JEWISH Sports Club Bar Kochba Fancy Dress Ball, Sat., March 1, Grosvenor Rooms, Willesden, 7.30-11.30 p.m. Dennis Cracknell's Broadcasting Band. Prizes—Refreshments—Adm. 10s. 6d.

LONDON Jazz Club, 100 Oxford St., W.1. Monday Night Jazz Dancing. Members 3s., guests 4s.

HAMPSTEAD Arts Ball, Hampstead Town Hall, Friday, March 7, 9 to 2 a.m. "Out of this world" entertainment by gnoms Michael Bentine, Peter Sellers, Spike Milligan; prizes for fantastic costume; Cuban and African rhythm bands; restaurant & bar. Tickets 15s. from The Music Box, 64 High St., Hampstead, N.W.3.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

SAT., Mar. 1. Another gay I.Y.C. Social at 328 Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1. 7.30. 2s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Illustrated Catalogue 6d. post free.

I.F.A. Sculpture Exhibition, 45 Park Lane, W.1. Mar. 5-31. Wkdays., 10 a.m.—7 p.m. Sundays, 2—7 p.m. Adm. 1s.

ZADKINE Exhibition. Carel Weight Paintings. O. Redon Lithos. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

HIROSHIGE. Arts Council Exhibition of Colour Prints and Drawings. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till March 15. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

HANDMADE Pottery by Studio potters in Great Britain, from Feb. 13 to March 13, at Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. 1st Exh. in England of American painter Walter Stuempfig. Also recent paintings by Edward Wright. Until Mar. 15.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1., Muquet Drawings. Daily, 10-5. Sats. 10-12.

NICOLAS de Stael. First Exhibition in England of paintings and drawings at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond St., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1, until March 15.

FRENCH drawings from Fouquet to Gauguin. The Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till March 16. Mon., Tues., Thurs., Sat. 10-6, Wed., Fri. 10-8, Suns. 2-6. Adm. 1s. (Closed Saturday afternoon, March 1.)

PHOTOGRAPHS by Cartier-Bresson, one of the greatest living photographers. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Daily 10-6 (Sat. inc.), Sun. 2-6. Last week.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Works by Peter Lanyon, and Italian Contemporary Paintings.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Paintings by Winifred Nicholson & Vivian Cox. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Last week.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq. Select Paintings, old and modern, under 25gns. And Display of Art Books.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. 75th Birthday Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings (1893-1951) by Alfred Wolmark. Mon-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Extd. to Mar. 9.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening Party for members on March 19, Tate Gallery (15s. incig. wine and refreshments). Also Dinner in Rex Whistler Restaurant 7s. 6d. Exhibn. selected from Private Collections of Committee and the Patron, H.M. Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother. Apply C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1. (Mem. fr. 1gn.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Equality and Privilege in the Law" will be given by Professor H. G. Hanbury (Oxford) at 5.30 p.m. on March 6, at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. The Chair will be taken by the Rt. Hon. Lord Porter. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "The Art of Preparation in Shakespearean Drama" will be given by Professor W. Clemen (Munich) at 5.30 p.m. on March 12 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admn. free, without ticket.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Mar. 2, D. G. MacRae, M.A.: "Science and the Social Process Today." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

JEWISH Forum for the discussion of topical Jewish Questions: (6) "How far should Jews be linked with Israel?" Speakers: Alan Rose, Philip Toynbee, Dr. W. Van der Zyl. Discussion Tuesday, March 4, 8 p.m., at Anglo-Israeli Club, 43-44 Great Windmill St., W.1. Arranged by World Jewish Congress, British Section.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1. Lecture by Dr. Janet Posner—"Mother and Child in People's Poland." Fri. Mar. 7, 7.45 p.m.

AUSTRALIA N.Z. Civil Liberties Society. John Platts-Mills, "Report on N.Z." Conway Hall, March 6. 7.30.

"PHILOSOPHY, Science and Contemporary Art," by Dr. J. P. Hodin, I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Wed., March 5, 6.30.

J. ISAACS—"The Novel To-day" at North Finchley Library, Ravensdale Ave., N.12 on Wed., March 5, 7.30. Free.

MISS Lily Loat, Sec. Anti-Vaccination League, will speak on "Vaccination and Foreign Travel," at 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, on Fri., March 7 at 8.15 p.m. All welcome; no charge.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. March 8, at 6 p.m. Mlle. M-M. Davy (Alliance Française): "Mystique de la nouvelle époque."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"A BRITISH Policy for China." Peace with China Council Rally. Kenneth Younger, M.P., Barbara Castle, M.P., James Cameron, Ritchie Calder, Kingsley Martin, Chair: Viscount Stansgate. Central Hall, Westminster, Tuesday, March 4, 7 p.m.

ANGLO-U.S. Relations: A Conference with Barbara Castle, M.P., and Rt. Hon. John Strachey, M.P., on Sat. March 8, 2.30 at Beaver Hall, E.C.4. Tickets 2s. 6d. from Fabian Internat. Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. (Tea available at meeting.)

HAROLD Wilson on the Budget: Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, W.C.2, 7.30 p.m., Friday, March 14. Tickets 2s. from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

INTERNATIONAL Women's Day 1952. Celebration following the National Assembly of Women, St. Pancras Town Hall, N.W.1, Sun., March 9, 7.30 p.m. Chairman: Monica Felton. Distinguished foreign visitors. Tickets 6d. obtainable from I.W.D. Committee, 174 Uxbridge Rd., W.12.

"MARRIED Partnership" at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square on Mondays at 7 p.m. Mar. 10, Dr. Helena Wright. The Differences Between the Sexes; Mar. 17, Dr. Eustace Chesser: Some Marriage Difficulties; Mar. 24, H. J. Blackham: Good Patterns of Living. Course single or double 2s. 6d., single lecture 1s., arranged by The Ethical Union.

ALL Women's Parliamentary Brains Trust. Elaine Burton, M.P., Lady Davidson, M.P., Jean Mann, M.P., Irene Ward, M.P. Thursday, March 6, 8 p.m. All Nations Social Club, Ltd., Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

ARTHUR Horner, Palme Dutt, "How to get rid of the Tories," St. Pancras Town Hall, Mar. 3, 7.30. Adm. 6d. Communist Pty.

HALDANE Socy. "Marriage, Divorce & Society," A. J. Brayshaw, Gen. Sec., Nat. Marriage Guidance Council. Wed., March 5, Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, E.C.4, 7 p.m.

CARAGIALE, Famous Rumanian Dramatist & Writer. Lecture by R. D. Smith, illustrated by Dramatic Readings from Caragiale's works. Chair: Gordon Sandison, M.A., LL.B. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria. Sun., Mar. 2, 7.30. 1s.

WORLD Assembly of Youth Commonwealth Youth Study Group alternate Thursdays at National Union of Students' Hostel, 41 Tavistock Square, W.C.1. Next meeting March 6 at 8 p.m.—"Central Africa and Federation"—Dr. Hastings P. Banda. Full details from 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

INDIVIDUAL & Public Health: the Nature Cure Outlook. March 3, Mr. R. Lightowler: "Why Vegetarian Food Reforms?" March 10, Dr. V. Pick. "Prevention Rather Than Cure." March 17, Dr. E. K. Ledermann: "Nature Cure & Social Psychology." Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1, 7 p.m. Adm. 2s. Organised by N.C. Clinic, 13 Oldbury Place, W.1.

"HAPPINESS": The Best Soviet Post-war Novel? Discn. between Montagu Slater and Eleanor Fox. Tu., Mar. 4, 7.30, S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Non mem. 1s.

TARBUT La'Am (Jewish Cultural Centre), 37 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Sunday, March 2, 8 p.m. "Town and Country Planning in Israel—A Comparison with other Countries." A. Korn, F.R.I.B.A.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (63 Cromwell Rd., S.W.7): Kingsway Hall, Tues., Mar. 4 at 7.30 p.m. Ramakrishna & Vivekananda Anniversaries Meeting. Speakers: Swami Ghanananda & Dharma Vira, Esq., I.C.S. Thurs., Mar. 6 at 7.30 p.m. Swami Ghanananda on Practical Spirituality. All welc.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Mar. 4, Philip Sansom, "The Case for Anarchism." Admission free. Collection.

SIR John Pratt, "China, Korea & World Peace." Trades Union Hall, Watford, Tues., March 4, 7.30 p.m. Adm. 6d. Watford & District Peace Council.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs. March 6, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in French by Prof. Jean Stengers. Subject: "Les grands Traits de l'Histoire des Juifs dans les Pays-Bas, principalement au Moyen-Age." Adm. free.

JUGOSLAV Holidays. Meetings in March: 1st Tour, Sheffield, Leeds, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen. For other towns and particulars: Holiday Friendship Service, 445 Strand, W.C.2.

RACIAL Relations Group. Monday, March 3, 7 p.m., 32 Tavistock Sq., Mr. Cedric Dover on "The Psychology of Prejudice." Visitors welcome.

CHILD Art. Nan Youngman will give an illustrated talk in Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1. Tu., Mar. 4, 8 p.m. 2s.

"THE Way of Growth." Mrs. Adelaide Gardner. Sun., Mar. 2, 7 p.m. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

"OUR Fundamental Beliefs: (2) Human Life and Human Progress"—Address by Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., at Sun. Service, Mar. 2, 11 a.m., at Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"LAND Hunger in Kenya." Delegates of Kenya African Union, and Fenner Brockway, M.P., Leslie Hale, M.P., Harold Davies, M.P., Ethel Mannin, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., 7.15, Fri., March 7, arr. by Congress of Peoples against Imperialism.

"ANGLO-American Relations"—London Conference, Sat., March 15. Introductory speakers: Dingle Foot, John Strachey, M.P., Harold Wilson, M.P., Chair: Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Fee 5s. Apply Nat. Peace Council, 144 Southampton Row, W.C.1.

POSTPONED: U. Maung Maung on "Burma To-day" postponed from Mar. 4 until Mar. 11, 1952, 6.45 p.m. Hope House, Gt. Peter St., S.W.1. UDC, 32 Victoria St., S.W.1. (ABBey 4770).

"THE Cold War." A lecture will be given by Bernard Newman for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, March 3 at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

BOB Edwards. "Labour and Federalism." 1st of series, Federal Union (London Action Group) Church House, Westminster. March 6, 6.30 p.m.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assocn. Mon., March 3, Dr. Edurien on "West African Nationalism." Arts Theatre Club, 5/6 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

PUBLIC Meeting: Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1, nr. Victoria Stn. "Anarchism, Bolshevism or Socialism?" Sun. Mar. 9, 7 p.m. Socialist Pty. of Gt. Brit.

DONALD Wolfit in chair: lecture by Gerald Petch on "Acting on the Open Stage," Arts Theatre Club, Sun., Mar. 9, at 8. Tickets 2s. (s.a.e.), Shakespeare Stage Society, 96 Charlotte St., W.1.

JAMES J. Gillespie on "Personal Expression and Modern Work Organization." Conway Hall, Monday, March 3, at 7.30 p.m. Non-Members: 1s. 6d.

J. F. HORRABIN, "Case for National Theatre." Hampstead Ethical Soc., 78 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green. Sun., March 2, 7.45.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Tues., March 4, 7.30, St. Anne's Church House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Two Kinds of Nationalism: India and Egypt," W. H. Morris-Jones. Adm. 1s. 6d.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. March 2: "What is Theosophy?"

SOCIALIST Zionist Party (Mapam). Mrs. Nancy Silverman, "My Visit to the Soviet Union." Wednesday, March 5, 8 p.m., 37 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6.

BUDDHIST Society, Public Lecture, Mon., March 3, 6.30 p.m. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Symposium.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "L'évolution du gouvernement parlementaire en France de 1815 a 1848 et son fonctionnement" will be given by Professor C. H. Pouthas (Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on March 11, 12 & 13 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. The lectures will be delivered in French. Admission free, without ticket.

CHANGE of Date. University of London. The course of two lectures entitled "Recent Facts and Problems about the relations between Ancient Russia and Scandinavia," will now be given by Professor Gunnar Gunnarsson (Uppsala) at 5 p.m. on 10th and 13th March at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies (Masaryk Hall), Univ. of London, W.C.1. Adm. free without ticket.

ANNUAL Conference of World University Service. Theme: "Universities & Nationalism." Apr. 2-9. University Coll. of N. Staffs., nr. Stoke. £4 17s. 6d. Talks, discussions, excursions, social activities. Details: W.U.S., 59 Gloucester Pl., W.1.

"CHINESE Culture Past and Present": Mar. 5. "Chinese Popular Literature," Mr. Cyril Birch; Mar. 12, "Chinese Medicine," Dr. Robert Spencer; Mar. 19, "Chinese Architecture," Mr. Andrew Boyd. 7.30 p.m. 17 Irving St., Leicester Square, W.C.2. 2s. 6d. at door.

"RELIGION and the Social Sciences." A Canon. Mar. 21-24. Braziers Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

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